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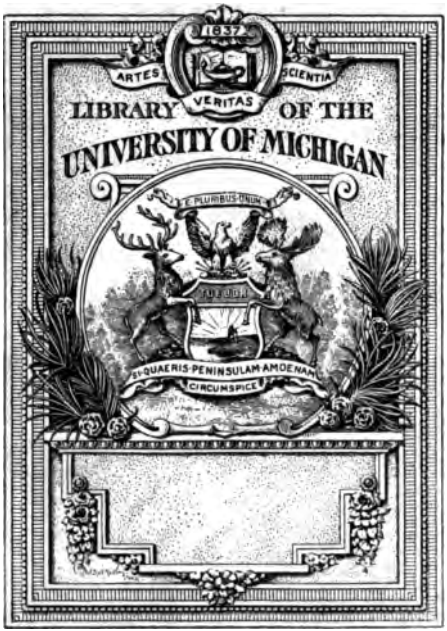
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

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M DCC LXXIX.

POPE'S HOMER.

THE ODYSSEY.

VOLUME II.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

ULYSSES takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ſhip arrives at Ithaca; where the ſailors, as Ulyſſes is yet ſleeping, lay him on the ſhore with all his treaſures. On their return, Neptune changes their ſhip into a rock. In the mean time Ulyſſes, awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reaſon of a miſt which Pallas had caſt round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddeſs, appearing to him in the form of a ſhepherd, diſcovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned ſtory of his adventures, upon which ſhe manifeſts herſelf, and they conſult together of the meaſures to be taken to deſtroy the ſuitors. To conceal his return, and diſguiſe his perſon the more effectually, ſhe changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIII.

HE ceas'd; but left ſo pleaſing on their ear
His voice, that liſtening ſtill they ſeem'd to hear.
A pauſe of ſilence huſh'd the ſhady rooms:
The grateful conference then the king reſumes:
Whatever toils the great Ulyſſes paſt,
Beneath this happy roof they end at laſt;
No longer now from ſhore to ſhore to roam,
Smooth ſeas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, princes! whom theſe walls incloſe,
For whom my chanter ſings, and goblet flows
With wines unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To chear the grave, and warm the poet's rage);
Though labour'd gold and many a dazzling veſt
Lie heap'd already for our god-like gueſt;
Without new treaſures let him not remove,
Large, and expreſſive of the public love:
Each peer a tripod, each a vaſe beſtow,
A general tribute, which the ſtate ſhall owe.
This ſentence pleas'd: then all their ſteps addreſt
To ſeparate manſions, and retir'd to reſt.
Now did the roſy-finger'd morn ariſe,
And ſhed her ſacred light along the ſkies.

Down to the haven and the ſhips in haſte
They bore the treaſures, and in ſafety plac'd.
The king himſelf the vaſes rang'd with care:
Then bade his followers to the feaſt repair.
A victim ox beneath the ſacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and ſtains the ſand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heaven with ſhowers)
The flames aſcend: till evening they prolong
Thy rites, more ſacred made by heavenly ſong:
For in the midſt, with public honours grac'd,
The lyre divine, Demodocus! was plac'd;
All, but Ulyſſes, heard with fix'd delight:
He ſate, and ey'd the ſun, and wiſh'd the night;
Slow ſeem'd the ſun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imag'd in his ſoul.
As the tir'd ploughman ſpent with ſtubborn toil,
Whoſe oxen long have torn the furrow'd ſoil,
Sees with delight the ſun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repaſt (the day's hard labour done):
So to Ulyſſes welcome ſet the ſun.
Then inſtant to Alcinous and the reſt
(The Scherian ſtates) he turn'd, and thus addreſt:
O thou, the firſt in merit and command!
And you the peers and princes of the land!
May every joy be yours! nor this the leaſt,
When due libation ſhall have crown'd the feaſt,
Safe to my home to ſend your happy gueſt.

Complete

Complete are now the bounties you have given,
Be all thoſe bounties but confirm'd by Heaven!
So may I find, when all my wanderings ceaſe,
My conſort blameleſs, and my friends in peace.
On you be every bliſs; and every day,
In home-felt joys delighted, roll away:
Yourſelves, your wives, your long-deſcending race,
May every God enrich with every grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation ſtand,
And public evil never touch the land!

His words, well weigh'd, the general voice approv'd
Benign, and inſtant his diſmiſſion mov'd.
The monarch to Pontonous gave the ſign,
To fill the goblet high with roſy wine:
Great Jove the Father firſt (he cried) implore;
Then ſend the ſtranger to his native ſhore.

The luſcious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the manſion flow'd the purple draught:
Each from his ſeat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulyſſes ſole with air majeſtic ſtands,
The bowl preſenting to Arete's hands;
Then thus: O Queen, farewell! be ſtill poſſeſt
Of dear remembrance, bleſſing ſtill and bleſt!
Till age and death ſhall gently call thee hence
(Sure fate of every mortal excellence!)
Farewell! and joys ſucceſſive ever ſpring
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!

Thus he; then parting prints the ſandy ſhore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,

Seen by Alcinous, of Arete's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
This does a tunick and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The chearful mates
Safe in the hollow poop dispose the rates
Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.
Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills and lessening shores.
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urg'd by fierce drivers through the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils, he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning ſtar with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heaven, and promis'd day;
Like diſtant clouds the mariner deſcries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills ariſe.
Far from the town a ſpacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whoſe name it bears:
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempeſtuous rage reſtrain;
Within, the waves in ſofter murmurs glide,
And ſhips ſecure without their halſers ride,
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with ſhady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool receſs
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living ſtone,
And maſſy beams in native marble ſhone;
On which the labours of the nymph were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the cluſtering bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either ſide;
Sacred the ſouth, by which the Gods deſcend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ſhip to land;
(The crooked keel divides the yellow ſand);
Ulyſſes ſleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently plac'd him on the rocky ſhore.
His treaſures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented ſhade,

[illegible] again,
[illegible] the main.
[illegible]
The [illegible] Polypheme.
[illegible] be [illegible];
[illegible] the God:
[illegible] be mine
[illegible] Power divine?
[illegible] diligence?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] his [illegible];
[illegible]
[illegible] with thee?
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Powers,
[illegible] with flowers:
[illegible] Neptune thus of man complain?
Neptune, [illegible] the boundless main!
[illegible]
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
(Weak, [illegible] creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
[illegible] the guilty at thy will chastise.
He [illegible] the Shaker of the earth replies:

This

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ſhip
A mark of vengeance on the ſable deep:
To warn the thoughtleſs ſelf-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a ſhady hill ſhall riſe,
If ſuch thy will.—We will it, Jove replies:
Ev'n when, with tranſport blackening all the ſtrand,
The ſwarming people hail their ſhip to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial ſtone:
Still let her ſeem to ſail, and ſeem alone;
The trembling crouds ſhall ſee the ſudden ſhade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!
With that the God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Fierce to Phæacia croſs'd the vaſt profound.
Swift as a ſwallow ſweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace ſhot along the ſea.
The God arreſts her with a ſudden ſtroke,
And roots her down an everlaſting rock.
Aghaſt the Scherians ſtand in deep ſurprize;
All preſs to ſpeak, all queſtion with their eyes.
What hands unſeen the rapid bark reſtrain!
And yet it ſwims, or ſeems to ſwim, the main!
Thus they; unconſcious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinous riſing own'd the ſign.
Behold the long predeſtin'd day! (he cries)
Oh! certain faith of antient prophecies!
Theſe ears have heard my royal ſire diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory, big with future woes;
How mov'd with wrath, that careleſs we convey
Promiſcuous every gueſt to every bay,

Stern

Stern Neptune rag'd; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the ſurge a ſhip ſhould ſtand
(A monument of wrath); and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the ſeer.
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With every ſtranger paſs from ſhore to ſhore;
On angry Neptune now for mercy call:
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverſe his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.
The monarch ſpoke: they trembled and obey'd,
Forth on the ſands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altars ſtand,
And chiefs and rulers, a majeſtic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the ſhore.
Meanwhile Ulyſſes in his country lay,
Releas'd from ſleep, and round him might ſurvey
The ſolitary ſhore and rolling ſea.
Yet had his mind through tedious abſence loſt
The dear remembrance of his native coaſt;
Beſides, Minerva, to ſecure her care,
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:
For ſo the Gods ordain'd, to keep unſeen
His royal perſon from his friends and queen;
Till the proud ſuitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord.
Now all the land another proſpect bore,
Another port appear'd, another ſhore,

And

And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
Penſive and ſlow with ſudden grief oppreſt
The king aroſe, and beat his careful breaſt,
Caſt a long look o'er all the coaſt and main,
And ſought, around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes ſtood fix'd in woe,
And, as he ſpoke, the tears began to flow:
Ye Gods! he cry'd, upon what barren coaſt,
In what new region, is Ulyſſes toſt?
Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whoſe boſom tender pity warms?
Where ſhall this treaſure now in ſafety lie?
And whither, whither, its ſad owner fly?
Ah! why did I Alcinous' grace implore?
Ah! why forſake Phæacia's happy ſhore?
Some juſter prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And ſafe reſtor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd long-expected coaſt,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boaſt?
O righteous Gods! of all the great how few
Are juſt to Heaven, and to their promiſe true!
But he, the Power to whoſe all-ſeeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without diſguiſe,
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For ſtill th' oppreſs'd are his peculiar care.
To count theſe preſents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the reſt belongs to Jove.
Then on the ſands he rang'd his wealthy ſtore,
The gold, the veſts, the tripods, number'd o'er:

All

All theſe he found, but ſtill in error loſt
Diſconſolate he wanders on the coaſt,
Sighs for his country, and lamen̄ts again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarſe-reſounding main.
When, lo! the guardian Goddeſs of the wiſe,
Celeſtial Pallas, ſtood before his eyes;
In ſhow a youthful ſwain, of form divine,
Who ſeem'd deſcended from ſome princely line;
A graceful robe her ſlender body dreſt,
Around her ſhoulders flew the waving veſt,
Her decent hand a ſhining javelin bore,
And painted ſandals on her feet ſhe wore.
To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'ſt in this deſert place!
With joy to thee, as to ſome God, I bend,
To thee my treaſures and myſelf commend.
Oh! tell a wretch in exile doom'd to ſtray,
What air I breathe, what country I ſurvey?
The fruitful continent's extremeſt bound,
Or ſome fair iſle which Neptune's arms ſurround!
From what fair clime (ſaid ſhe) remote from fame,
Arriv'ſt thou here a ſtranger to our name?
Thou ſeeſt an iſland, not to thoſe unknown
Whoſe hills are brighten'd by the riſing ſun,
Nor thoſe that plac'd beneath his utmoſt reign
Behold him ſinking in the weſtern main.
The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
ffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain:

The

The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſtering grapes afford a generous juice:
Woods crown our mountains, and in every grove
The bounding goats and friſking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refreſh the field,
And riſing ſprings eternal verdure yield.
Ev'n to thoſe ſhores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majeſtic ruins ſtrow the ground.
At this the chief with tranſport was poſſeſt,
His panting heart heart exulting in his breaſt:
Yet, well diſſembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plauſible diſguiſe,
Thus, with an air ſincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told:
Oft have I heard in Crete this iſland's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native ſoil I came,
Self-baniſh'd thence. I ſail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.
From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whoſe ſon, the ſwift Orſilochus, I flew,
(With brutal force he ſeiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
Unſeen I 'ſcap'd; and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician veſſel took my flight,
For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempeſts toſt
And raging billows drove us on your coaſt.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and ſlept ſecure on land.
But here the roſy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleaſing ſleep I lay,

Sudden

Sudden, invited by auſpicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoiſt their flying ſails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapleſs exile on a foreign ſhore.
Thus while he ſpoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began
With pleaſing ſmiles to view the god-like man:
Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heavenly daughter ſtood confeſs'd to ſight;
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.
Oh, ſtill the ſame Ulyſſes! ſhe rejoin'd,
In uſeful craft ſucceſsfully refin'd!
Artful in ſpeech, in action, and in mind!
Suffic'd it not, that, thy long labours paſt,
Secure thou ſeeſt thy native ſhore at laſt?
But this to me? who, like thyſelf, excel
In arts of counſel, and diſſembling well;
To me, whoſe wit exceeds the powers divine,
No leſs than mortals are ſurpaſs'd by thine.
Know'ſt thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Through ten years wandering, and through ten years war:
Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to perſuade,
To raiſe his wonder, and engage his aid:
And now appear thy treaſures to protect,
Conceal thy perſon, thy deſigns direct,
And tell what more thou muſt from Fate expect.
Domeſtic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and ſlaves' inſulting ſcorn.
But thou be ſilent, nor reveal thy ſtate;
Yield to the force of unreſiſted fate,

And

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of baſe mankind,
The laſt, and hardeſt, conqueſt of the mind.
Goddeſs of Wiſdom! Ithacus replies,
He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,
So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers,
Againſt proud Ilion's well-defended towers;
Ulyſſes was thy care, celeſtial Maid!
Grac'd with thy ſight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in aſhes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the watery way;
Our fleet diſpers'd and driven from coaſt to coaſt,
Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt:
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counſels on Phæacia's ſhore.
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell! is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and ſea
Divide this coaſt from diſtant Ithaca;
The ſweet deluſion kindly you impoſe,
To ſoothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus replies:
How prone to doubt, how cautious, are the wiſe!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flattering ſhow,
And taſte not half the bliſs the Gods beſtow.
The more ſhall Pallas aid thy juſt deſires,
And guard the wiſdom which herſelf inſpires.
Others, long abſent from their native place,
Straight ſeek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.

Not thus Ulyſſes: he decrees to prove
His ſubjects' faith, and queen's ſuſpected love;
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And waſtes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy loſt)
Once more 'twas given thee to behold thy coaſt:
Yet how could I with adverſe Fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I reſtore
The pleaſing proſpect of thy native ſhore:
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whoſe cool receſs
Delights the Nereids of the neighbouring ſeas:
Whoſe now neglected altars in thy reign
Bluſh'd with the blood of ſheep and oxen ſlain,
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And ſhakes the waving foreſts on his ſides.
So ſpake the Goddeſs; and the proſpect clear'd,
The miſts diſpers'd, and all the coaſt appear'd.
The king with joy confeſs'd his place of birth,
And on his knees ſalutes his mother earth:
Then, with his ſuppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the ſea-green Sifters ſends his prayer:
All hail! ye virgin-daughters of the main!
Ye ſtreams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulyſſes bows;
Attend his tranſports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful ſon,

To you ſhall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful offerings on your altars laid.
Then thus Minerva: From that anxious breaſt
Diſmiſs thoſe cares, and leave to Heaven the reſt.
Our taſk be now thy treaſur'd ſtores to ſave,
Deep in the cloſe receſſes of the cave:
Then future means conſult—ſhe ſpoke, and trod
The ſhady grot that brighten'd with the God.
The cloſeſt caverns of the grot ſhe ſought;
The gold, the braſs, the robes, Ulyſſes brought;
Theſe in the ſecret gloom the chief diſpos'd;
The entrance with a rock the Goddeſs clos'd.
Now, ſeated in the olive's ſacred ſhade,
Confer the hero and the Martial Maid.
The Goddeſs of the azure eyes began:
Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
The ſuitor-train thy earlieſt care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy houſe their lawleſs rule has ſeen,
And proud addreſſes to the matchleſs queen.
But ſhe thy abſence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and ſilent waſtes away:
Eluſive of the bridal hour, ſhe gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.
To this Ulyſſes: O, celeſtial maid!
Prais'd be thy counſel, and thy timely aid:
Elſe had I ſeen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides juſt reſtor'd and ſlain.
Vouchſafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the ſcene of fate.

Then, then be preſent, and my ſoul inſpire,
As when we wrap'd Troy's heaven-built walls in fire.
Though leagued againſt me hundred heroes ſtand,
Hundreds ſhall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.
She anſwer'd: In the dreadful day of fight
Know, I am with thee, ſtrong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyſelf be found,
What gaſping numbers then ſhall preſs the ground!
What human victims ſtain the feaſtful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark diſguiſe,
And ſecret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand ſhall wither every grace,
And every elegance of form and face,
O'er thy ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
Diſfigure every limb with coarſe attire,
And in thy eyes extinguiſh all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Eſtrange thee from thy own; thy ſon, thy wife;
From the loath'd object every ſight ſhall turn,
And the blind ſuitors their deſtruction ſcorn.
Go firſt the maſter of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal ſwain and kind:
For thee he ſighs; and to the royal heir
And chaſte Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now reſides,
Where Arethuſa's ſable water glides;
The ſable water and the copious maſt
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repaſt!

With

With him, reſt peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you aſk his faithful tongue ſhall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, ſtill with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.
At this the father, with a father's care.
Muſt he too ſuffer? he, O Goddeſs! bear
Of wanderings and of woes a wretched ſhare?
Through the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his houſe a prey?
Why would'ſt not thou, O all-enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?
To whom Minerva: Be thy ſoul at reſt;
And know, whatever Heaven ordains, is beſt.
To fame I ſent him, to acquire renown:
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he ſits, near great Atrides plac'd!
With friendſhips ſtrengthen'd, and with honours grac'd.
But, lo! an ambuſh waits his paſſage o'er;
Fierce foes inſidious intercept the ſhore:
In vain! far ſooner all the murtherous brood
This injur'd land ſhall fatten with their blood.
She ſpake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The ſkin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A ſwift old age o'er all his members ſpread;
A ſudden froſt was ſprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which ſpots indelible beſmear,
In rags diſhoneſt flutters with the air:

A ſtag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged ſtaff his trembling hand ſuſtains;
And at his ſide a wretched ſcrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
So look'd the chief, ſo mov'd, to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miſeries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS.

ULYSSES arrives in diſguiſe at the houſe of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmoſt hoſpitality. The ſeveral diſcourſes of that faithful old ſervant, with the feigned ſtory told by Ulyſſes to conceal himſelf, and other converſations on various ſubjects, take up this entire Book.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIV.

BUT he, deep-muſing, o'er the mountains ſtray'd
Through mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
And cavern'd ways, the ſhaggy coaſt along,
With cliffs and nodding foreſts over-hung.
Eumæus at his ſylvan lodge he ſought,
A faithful ſervant, and without a fault.
Ulyſſes found him buſied, as he ſate
Before the threſhold of his ruſtic gate;
Around the manſion in a circle ſhone
A rural portico of rugged ſtone
(In abſence of his Lord, with honeſt toil
His own induſtrious hands had rais'd the pile).
The wall was ſtone from neighbouring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And ſtrong with pales, by many a weary ſtroke
Of ſtubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the ſpace were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgement of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a ſmaller race) remain;
Doom'd to ſupply the ſuitors' waſteful feaſt,
A ſtock by daily luxury decreas'd;

Now ſcarce four hundred left. Theſe to defend,
Four ſavage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here ſate Eumæus, and his cares apply'd
To form ſtrong buſkins of well-ſeaſon'd hide.
Of four aſſiſtants who his labour ſhare,
Three now were abſent on the rural care;
The fourth drove victims to the ſuitor train:
But he, of antient faith, a ſimple ſwain,
Sigh'd, while he furniſh'd the luxurious board,
And weary'd Heaven with wiſhes for his lord.
Soon as Ulyſſes near th' encloſure drew,
With open mouths the furious maſtives flew:
Down ſate the ſage, and cautious to withſtand,
Let fall th' offenſive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the maſter runs; aloud he calls;
And from his haſty hand the leather falls;
With ſhowers of ſtones he drives them far away;
The ſcattering dogs around at diſtance bay.
Unhappy ſtranger! (thus the faithful ſwain
Began with accent gracious and humane)
What ſorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy reverend age had met a ſhameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known;
Enough my maſter's ſorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful taſk!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawleſs rioters to bleed;
Perhaps, ſupported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapleſs lord!
Or ſigh'd in exile forth his lateſt breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal ſhade of death!

But enter this my homely roof, and ſee
Our woods not void of hoſpitality.
Then tell me whence thou art? and what the ſhare
Of woes and wanderings thou wert born to bear?
He ſaid, and, ſeconding the kind requeſt,
With friendly ſtep precedes his unknown gueſt.
A ſhaggy goat's ſoft hide beneath him ſpread,
And with freſh ruſhes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the hero's tender ſoul, to find
So juſt reception from a heart ſo kind:
And oh, ye Gods! with all your bleſſings grace
(He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!
The ſwain reply'd: It never was our guiſe
To ſlight the poor, or aught humane deſpiſe;
For Jove unfolds our hoſpitable door,
'Tis Jove that ſends the ſtranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppreſs'd, dependant, yet a man:
Accept ſuch treatment as a ſwain affords,
Slave to the inſolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his ſlave enjoys is ow'd,
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been beſtow'd:
But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign ſhore;
Much have I ſorrow'd, but my maſter more.
Now cold he lies, to death's embrace reſign'd:
Ah, periſh Helen! periſh all her kind!
For whoſe curs'd cauſe, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod ſo fatally the paths of Fame.

His veſt ſuccinct then girding round his waiſt,
Forth ruſh'd the ſwain with hoſpitable haſte,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers ſlept beneath the ſun;
Of two, his cutlace lanch'd the ſpouting blood;
Theſe quarter'd, ſing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All haſty on the hiſſing coals he threw;
And ſmoking back the taſteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board diſplay'd
The ready meal, before Ulyſſes laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
And luſcious as the bees nectareous dew:
Then ſate companion of the friendly feaſt,
With open look; and thus beſpoke his gueſt:
Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to ſimple ſervants ſhare;
The beſt our Lords conſume; thoſe thoughtleſs peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!
Yet ſure the Gods their impious acts deteſt,
And honour juſtice and the righteous breaſt.
Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Ev'n theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt:
Some voice of God cloſe whiſpering from within,
"Wretch! this is villainy, and this is ſin."
But theſe, no doubt, ſome oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulyſſes is no more.

Hence

Hence ſprings their confidence, and from our ſighs
Their rapine ſtrengthens, and their riots riſe:
Conſtant as Jove the night and day beſtows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair iſlands of the neighbouring main.
Nor all the monarchs whoſe far-dreaded ſway
The wide-extended continents obey:
Firſt, on the main land, of Ulyſſes' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many ſtalls for ſhaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgements for the tuſky herd;
Thoſe foreign keepers guard: and here are ſeen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmoſt green;
To native paſtors is their charge aſſign'd;
And mine the care to feed the briſtly kind:
Each day the fatteſt bleeds of either herd,
All to the ſuitors waſteful board preferr'd.
Thus he, benevolent: his unknown gueſt
With hunger keen devours the ſavoury feaſt;
While ſchemes of vengeance ripen in his breaſt.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The king with ſmiling looks his joy expreſs'd,
And thus the kind inviting hoſt addreſs'd:
Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
So rich, ſo potent, whom you ſtyle your lord;
Late with ſuch affluence and poſſeſſions bleſt,
And now in honour's glorious bedat reſt?
Whoever was the warrior, he muſt be
To Fame no ſtranger, nor perhaps to me;

Who

Who (ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a ſea, and many a land.
Small is the faith, the prince and queen aſcribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wandering tribe.
For needy ſtrangers ſtill to flattery fly,
And want too oft' betrays the tongue to lye.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image riſe,
And calls the ſpringing ſorrows from her eyes.
Such thou may'ſt be. But he whoſe name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
Or food for fiſh or dogs his reliques lie,
Or torn by birds are ſcatter'd through the ſky.
So periſh'd he: and left (for ever loſt).
Much woe to all, but ſure to me the moſt.
So mild a maſter never ſhall I find;
Leſs dear the parents whom I left behind,
Leſs ſoft my mother, leſs my father kind.
Not with ſuch tranſport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native ſhore;
As lov'd Ulyſſes once more to embrace,
Reſtor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Ev'n in his abſence I pronounce with fear:
In my reſpect, he bears a prince's part;
But lives a very brother in my heart.
Thus ſpoke the faithful ſwain; and thus rejoin'd
The maſter of his grief, the man of patient mind:
Ulyſſes, friend! ſhall view his old abodes
(Diſtruſtful as thou art); nor doubt the Gods.

Nor

Nor ſpeak I raſhly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I ſpeak, atteſting Heaven has heard.
If ſo, a cloke and veſture be my meed;
Till his return, no title ſhall I plead,
Though certain be my news, and great my need.
Whom want itſelf can force untruths to tell,
My ſoul deteſts him as the gates of hell.
Thou firſt be witneſs, hoſpitable Jove!
And every God inſpiring ſocial love;
And witneſs every houſhold power that waits
Guard of theſe fires, and angel of theſe gates!
Ere the next moon increaſe, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulyſſes ſhall ſurvey,
In blood and duſt each proud oppreſſor mourn,
And the loſt glories of his houſe return.
Nor ſhall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulyſſes hail this happy ſhore
(Replied Eumæus): to the preſent hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our power.
From ſad reflection let my ſoul repoſe;
The name of him awakes a thouſand woes.
But guard him, Gods! and to theſe arms reſtore!
Not his true conſort can deſire him more;
Not old Laertes, broken with deſpair;
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my ſorrows flow
Afreſh for thee, my ſecond cauſe of woe!
Like ſome fair plant ſet by a heavenly hand,
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he bleſt the land;
In all the youth his father's image ſhin'd,
Bright in his perſon, brighter in his mind.

What

What man, or God, deceiv'd his better ſenſe,
Far on the ſwelling ſeas to wander hence?
To diſtant Pylos hapleſs is he gone,
To ſeek his father's fate, and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire deſign
To end at once the great Arceſian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable gueſt! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air.
Sincere from whence begun your courſe relate,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bo
The cautious chief his ready ſtory told:
On dark reſerve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But moſt, the kind inviter's chearful face?
Thus might we ſit, with ſocial goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
Not the whole circle of the year would cloſe
My long narration of a life of woes.
But ſuch was Heaven's high will! Know then, I
From ſacred Crete, and from a ſire of fame:
Caſtor Hylacides (that name he bore)
Belov'd and honour'd in his native ſhore;
Bleſt in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I ſhar'd his kindneſs with his lawful race:

But when that fate, which all muſt undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the ſhades below;
The large domain his greedy ſons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched ſhare,
Except a houſe, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth ſupplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The ſex is ever to a ſoldier kind).
Now waſting years my former ſtrength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the ſtubble you may gueſs the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial ſtorm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform:
Me, Mars inſpir'd to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the ſecret ambuſh of the night.
Let ghaſtly death in all his forms appear,
I ſaw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the reſt I rais'd my ready ſteel;
The firſt I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my ſoul diſdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domeſtic care.
To raiſe the maſt, the miſſile dart to wing,
And ſend ſwift arrows from the bounding ſtring,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind;
Thoſe Gods, who turn (to various ends deſign'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.

Before

Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I ſpread my glory far,
Great in the praiſe, rich in the ſpoils of war:
Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which roar'd all Greece, and made the mighty bleed;
Our ſtates myſelf and Idomen employ
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth ſaw Ilion fall;
Homeward we ſail'd, but Heaven diſpers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my ſtay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ſhips I mann'd, equipp'd with ready ſtores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian ſhores;
In feaſt and ſacrifice my choſen train
Six days conſum'd; the ſeventh we plough'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminiſh to our eye;
Before the Boreal blaſts the veſſels fly;
Safe through the level ſeas we ſweep our way;
The ſteer-man governs, and the ſhips obey.
The fifth fair morn we ſtem th' Ægyptian tide:
And tilting o'er the bay the veſſels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And ſpies commiſſion to explore the land.
But, ſway'd by luſt of gain, and headlong will,
The coaſts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And foot in mingled tumult riſe.

The

The reddening dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and glancing ſhields.
Jove thunder'd on their ſide. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what courſe to prove;
(And ſure the thought was dictated by Jove,
Oh! had he left me to that happier doom,
And ſav'd a life of miſeries to come!)
The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,
And low on earth my ſhield and javelin caſt,
I meet the monarch with a ſuppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he ſav'd, he plac'd me at his ſide;
My ſtate he pity'd, and my tears he dried,
Reſtrain'd the rage the vengeful foe expreſs'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breaſt.
Pious! to guard the hoſpitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty bleſt,
I liv'd (and happy ſtill had liv'd) a gueſt,
On ſeven bright years ſucceſſive bleſſings wait;
The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
A falſe Phœnician, of inſidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind,
With ſemblance fair invites me to his home;
I ſeiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
Domeſtic in his faithleſs roof I ſtay'd,
Till the ſwift ſun his annual circle made.

To Libya then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a ſtranger to betray,
And ſell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the ſtrand.
Through the mid ſeas the nimble pinnace ſails,
Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we loſt,
And far from ken of any other coaſt,
When all was wild expanſe of ſea and air;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The ſhaded ocean blacken'd as it ſpread);
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burſt the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ſhip is toſt,
And all in clouds of ſmothering ſulphur loſt.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The ſable crows with intercepted flight
Drop headlong: ſcarr'd and black with ſulphurous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghaſtly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to ſave th' oppreſs'd and innocent.
Plac'd on the maſt (the laſt recourſe of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal ſtrife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth ſoft wafts me to Theſprotia's ſhore.
The monarch's ſon a ſhipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
The ſire with hoſpitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.

While

While here I ſojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulyſſes to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he ſtay'd,
And here his whole collected treaſure lay'd;
I ſaw myſelf the vaſt unnumber'd ſtore
Of ſteel elaborate, and refulgent ore,
And braſs high heap'd amidſt the regal dome;
Immenſe ſupplies for ages yet to come!
Meantime he voyag'd to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might beſt his ſafe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a ſecret ſail?
Full oft has Phidon, whilſt he pour'd the wine,
Atteſting ſolemn all the Powers divine,
That ſoon Ulyſſes would return, declar'd,
The ſailors waiting, and the ſhips prepar'd.
But firſt the king diſmiſs'd me from his ſhores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful ſtores;
To good Acaſtus' friendly care conſign'd:
But other counſels pleas'd the ſailors mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithleſs train,
And miſery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from ſhore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they ruſh to ſeize their ſlave;
Then with theſe tatter'd rags thy wrap'd me round,
(Strip'd of my own) and to the veſſel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ſhip arriv'd: forth-iſſuing on the ſand
They ſought repaſt; while to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themſelves my chains unbind.

Soft I deſcended, to the ſea applied
My naked breaſt, and ſhot along the tide.
Soon paſt beyond their ſight, I left the flood,
And took the ſpreading ſhelter of the wood.
Their prize eſcap'd the faithleſs pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ſhip return
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hoſtile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wife,
To leave beneath thy hoſpitable care,
And wait the woes Heaven dooms me yet to bear
Unhappy gueſt! whoſe ſorrows touch my mind
(Thus good Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
For real ſufferings ſince I grieve ſincere,
Check not with fallacies the ſpringing tear;
Nor turn the paſſion into groundleſs joy
For him, whom Heaven has deſtin'd to deſtroy.
Oh! had he periſh'd on ſome well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might
Hiſtoric marbles, to record his praiſe:
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honours grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt!
While penſive in this ſolitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the court repair,
But when the conſtant queen commands my care;
Or when, to taſte her hoſpitable board,
Some gueſt arrives, with rumours of her lord;

And theſe indulge their want, and thoſe their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many ſuch I have been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whoſe hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder baniſh'd from his native home.
He ſwore, Ulyſſes on the coaſt of Crete
Staid but a ſeaſon to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months ſhould waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriours, and a boundleſs ſtore.
O thou! whom age has taught to underſtand,
And Heaven has guided with a favouring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter as to die.
Not for ſuch ends my houſe and heart are free,
But dear reſpect to Jove, and charity.
And why, O ſwain of unbelieving mind!
(Thus quick reply'd the wiſeſt of mankind)
Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A ſolemn compact let us ratify,
And witneſs every Power that rules the ſky!
If here Ulyſſes from his labours reſt,
Be then my prize a tunic and a veſt;
And, where my hopes invite me, ſtraight tranſport
In ſafety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But, if he greets not thy deſiring eye,
Hurl me from yon' dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.
Doubtleſs, O gueſt! great laud and praiſe were mine
(Reply'd the ſwain for ſpotleſs faith divine)

If, after ſocial rites and gifts beſtow'd,
I ſtain'd my hoſpitable hearth with blood,
How would the Gods my righteous toils ſucceed,
And bleſs the hand that made a ſtranger bleed?
No more—th' approaching hours of ſilent night
Firſt claim refection, then to reſt invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haſte,
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taſte.
Thus commun'd theſe; while to their lowly dom
The full-fed ſwine return'd with evening home;
Compell'd, reluctant, to the ſeveral ſties,
With din obſtreperous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the ſlaves—Now from the herd the beſt
Select, in honour of our foreign gueſt:
With him let us the genial banquet ſhare,
For great and many are the griefs we bear;
While thoſe who from our labours heap their board,
Blaſpheme their feeder, and forget their lord.
Thus ſpeaking, with diſpatchful hand he took
A weighty ax, and cleft the ſolid oak;
This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed,
Of five years age, before the pile was led:
The ſwain, whom acts of piety delight,
Obſervant of the Gods, begins the rite;
Firſt ſhears the forehead of the briſtly boar,
And ſuppliant ſtands, invoking every Power
To ſpeed Ulyſſes to his native ſhore.
A knotty ſtake then aiming at his head,
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the ſpirit fled.
The ſcorching flames climb round on every ſide:
Then the ſing'd members they with ſkill divide;

On theſe, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part.
Some in the flames, beſtrow'd with flour, they threw:
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew;
Theſe while on ſeveral tables they diſpoſe,
As prieſt himſelf the blameleſs ruſtick roſe;
Expert the deſtin'd victim to diſ-part
In ſeven juſt portions, pure of hand and heart.
One ſacred to the Nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged ſon of May:
The rural tribe in common ſhare the reſt,
The king the chine, the honour of the feaſt,
Who ſate delighted at his ſervant's board;
The faithful ſervant joy'd his unknown lord.
Oh! be thou dear (Ulyſſes cry'd) to Jove,
As well thou claim'ſt a grateful ſtranger's love!
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous ſwain reply'd)
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand deſcend our joys and woes;
Theſe he decrees, and he but ſuffers thoſe:
All power is his, and whatſoe'er he wills,
The will itſelf, ommipotent, fulfills.
This ſaid, the firſt-fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the ſable wave:
In great Ulyſſes' hand he plac'd the bowl,
He ſate, and ſweet refection chear'd his ſoul.
The bread from canniſters Meſaulius gave,
(Eumæus' proper treaſure bought this ſlave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A ſervant added to his abſent lord)

His taſk it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to reſt.
Now came the night, and darkneſs cover'd o'e
The face of things; the winds began to roar;
The driving ſtorm the watery weſt-wind pours,
And Jove deſcends in deluges of ſhowers.
Studious of reſt and warmth, Ulyſſes lies,
Foreſeeing from the firſt the ſtorm would riſe;
In mere neceſſity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his hoſt he ſpoke:
Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet g
'Tis ſweet to play the fool in time and place,
And wine can of their wits the wiſe beguile,
Make the ſage frolic, and the ſerious ſmile,
The grave in merry meaſures friſk about,
And many a long-repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let wit caſt off the ſullen yoke of ſenſe.
Once I was ſtrong (would Heaven reſtore thoſe da
And with my betters claim'd a ſhare of praiſe.
Ulyſſes, Menelaus, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('twas their own comma
A deathful ambuſh for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy's walls by night we took our way:
There, clad in arms, along the marſhes ſpread,
We made the oſier-fringed bank our bed.
Full ſoon th' inclemency of Heaven I feel,
Nor had theſe ſhoulders covering but of ſteel.

Sharp blew the north; ſnow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blaſt, and gathering glaz'd our ſhields.
There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and veſt,
Lay cover'd by their ample ſhields at reſt.
Fool that I was! I left behind my own;
The ſkill of weather and of winds unknown,
And truſted to my coat and ſhield alone!
When now was waſted more than half the night,
And the ſtars faded at approaching light;
Sudden I jogg'd Ulyſſes, who was laid
Faſt by my ſide, and ſhivering thus I ſaid:
Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
And die aſham'd (O wiſeſt of mankind)
The only fool who left his cloak behind.
He thought, and anſwer'd: hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,
Still met th'emergence, and determin'd right).
Huſh thee, he cry'd, (ſoft whiſpering in my ear)
Speak not a word, leſt any Greek may hear—
And then (ſupporting on his arm his head)
Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he ſaid)
Methinks too diſtant from the fleet we lie:
Ev'n now a viſion ſtood before my eye,
And ſure the warning viſion was from high:
Let from among us ſome ſwift courier riſe,
Haſte to the general, and demand ſupplies.
Upſtarted Thoas ſtraight, Andræmon's ſon,
Nimbly he roſe, and caſt his garment down;

Inſtant,

Inſtant, the racer vaniſh'd off the ground;
That inſtant, in his cloak I wrap'd me round:
And ſafe I ſlept, till brightly dawning ſhone
The morn conſpicuous on her golden throne.
Oh, were my ſtrength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some maſter, or ſome ſervant, would allow
A cloak and veſt—but I am nothing now!
Well haſt thou ſpoke (rejoin'd th'attentive ſwain)
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment ſhalt thou want, nor aught beſide,
Meet for the wandering ſuppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy cloaths again,
For here one veſt ſuffices every ſwain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But, when return'd, the good Ulyſſes' ſon
With better hand ſhall grace with fit attires
His gueſt, and ſend thee where thy ſoul deſires.
The honeſt herdſman roſe, as this he ſaid,
And drew before the hearth the ſtranger's bed:
The fleecy ſpoils of ſheep, a goat's rough hide
He ſpreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;
With ſtore to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempeſts blow.
There lay the king and all the reſt ſupine;
All, but the careful maſter of the ſwine:
Forth haſted he to tend his briſtly care:
Well arm'd, and fenc'd againſt nocturnal air;

His

s weighty faulchion o'er his ſhoulder tied:
s ſhaggy cloak a mountain goat ſupplied:
ith his broad ſpear, the dread of dogs and men,
ſeeks his lodging in the rocky den.
ıere to the tuſky herd he bends his way,
here, ſcreen'd from Boreas, high o'er-arch'd they lay.

THE

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

THE Goddeſs Minerva commands Telemachus in a viſion to return to Ithaca. Piſiſtratus and he take leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus ſets ſail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the ſoothſayer. The ſcene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulyſſes with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coaſt, and, ſending the veſſel to the town, proceeeds by himſelf to the lodge of Eumæus.

THE

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XV.

NOW had Minerva reach'd thoſe ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
Anxious ſhe flies to great Ulyſſes' heir,
His inſtant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico diſplay'd,
With Neſtor's ſon, Telemachus was lay'd;
In ſleep profound the ſon of Neſtor lies;
Not thine, Ulyſſes! Care unſeal'd his eyes:
Reſtleſs he griev'd, with various fears oppreſs'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breaſt.
When, O Telemachus! (the Goddeſs ſaid)
Too long in vain, too widely haſt thou ſtray'd.
Thus leaving careleſs thy paternal right
The robbers' prize, the prey to lawleſs might.
On fond purſuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now the hand of rapine ſacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy veſſel for thy natal ſhore;
Fly, whilſt thy mother virtuous yet withſtands
Her kindred's wiſhes, and her ſire's commands;
Through both Eurymachus purſues the dame,
And with the nobleſt gifts aſſerts his claim.

Hence

Hence therefore, while thy ſtores thy own remain;
Thou know'ſt the practice of the female train:
Loſt in the children of the preſent ſpouſe
They ſlight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover paſt;
Still the ſucceeding flame expels the laſt.
Let o'er thy houſe ſome choſen maid preſide,
Till Heaven decrees to bleſs thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Obſerve the warnings of a Power divine:
For thee their ſnares the ſuitor lords ſhall lay
In Samos' ſands, or ſtraits of Ithaca;
To ſeize thy life ſhall lurk the murderous band,
Ere yet thy footſteps preſs thy native land.
No—ſooner far their riot and their luſt
All-covering earth ſhall bury deep in duſt!
Then diſtant from the ſcatter'd iſlands ſteer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heavenly guardian ſhall inſtruct the gales,
To ſmooth thy paſſage, and ſupply thy ſails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy veſſel with thy friends;
But ſeek thou firſt the maſter of thy ſwine
(For ſtill to thee his loyal thoughts incline);
There paſs the night: while he his courſe purſues
To bring Penelope the wiſh'd-for news,
That thou, ſafe ſailing from the Pylian ſtrand,
Art come to bleſs her in thy native land.
Thus ſpoke the Goddeſs, and reſum'd her flight
To the pure regions of eternal light.

Meanwhile Piſiſtratus he gently ſhakes,
And with theſe words the ſlumbering youth awakes:
Riſe, ſon of Neſtor! for the road prepare,
And join the harneſs'd courſers to the car.
What cauſe, he cried, can juſtiſy our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidden night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our ſpeed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight, before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous preſents bring;
Gifts, which, to diſtant ages ſafely ſtor'd,
The ſacred act of friendſhip ſhall record.
Thus he. But when the dawn beſtreak'd the eaſt,
The king from Helen roſe, and ſought his gueſt.
As ſoon as his approach the hero knew,
The ſplendid mantle round him firſt he threw,
Then o'er his ample ſhoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Reſpectful met the monarch, and beſpoke:
Hail great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us meaſure back the watery way,
Nor check our ſpeed, impatient of delay.
If with deſire ſo ſtrong thy boſom glows,
Ill, ſaid the king, ſhould I thy wiſh oppoſe;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hoſpitable end,
Who drives the free, or ſtays the haſty friend;

True friendſhip's laws are by this rule expreſs'd,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the parting gueſt.
Yet ſtay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The nobleſt preſents that our love can make:
Meantime commit we to our women's care,
Some choice domeſtic viands to prepare;
The traveller, riſing from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider courſe ſhall rather pleaſe
Through ſpacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot ſhall attend;
Himſelf thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulyſſes' heir remove
Without ſome pledge, ſome monument of love:
Theſe will the caldron, theſe the tripod give,
From thoſe the well-pair'd mules we ſhall receive,
Or bowl emboſs'd whoſe golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, replied:
O monarch, care of Heaven! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place ſupplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My ſtores expos'd and fenceleſs houſe demand
The ſpeedieſt ſuccour from my guardian hand;
Leſt, in a ſearch too anxious and too vain
Of one loſt joy, I loſe what yet remain.

His purpoſe when the generous warrior heard,
He charg'd the houſhold cates to be prepar'd.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boethœdes Eteonus come;
Swift as the word he forms the riſing blaze,
And o'er the coals the ſmoking fragments lays.

Mean

Meantime the king, his ſon, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
The king ſelected from the glittering rows
A bowl; the prince a ſilver beaker choſe.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And choſe the largeſt; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the reſt it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Heſper o'er the gems of night.
Then with each gift they haſten'd to their gueſt,
And thus the king Ulyſſes' heir addreſs'd:
Since fix'd are thy reſolves, may thundering Jove
With happieſt omens thy deſires approve!
This ſilver bowl, whoſe coſtly margins ſhine
Enchas'd with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this preſent, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hoſpitable monarch came;
To thee we now conſign the precious load,
The pride of kings and labour of a God.
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The ſilver vaſe with living ſculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen, advancing next, diſplay'd
The ſhining veil, and thus endearing ſaid:
Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long ſince, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the veſture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Meantime may'ſt thou with happieſt ſpeed regain
Thy ſtately palace, and thy wide domain.

She ſaid, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated preſent took.
And now, when through the royal dome they paſs'd
High on a throne the king each ſtranger plac'd.
A golden ewer th' attendant damſel brings,
Replete with water from the cryſtal ſprings;
With copious ſtreams the ſhining vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
The glittering caniſters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour; rich repaſt!
Whilſt Eteonus portions out the ſhares,
Atrides' ſon the purple draught prepares.
And now (each ſated with the genial feaſt,
And the ſhort rage of thirſt and hunger ceas'd)
Ulyſſes' ſon, with his illuſtrious friend,
The horſes join, the poliſh'd car aſcend.
Along the court the fiery ſteeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the ſound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation deſtin'd to the powers divine)
His right-hand held: before the ſteeds he ſtands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters theſe command
Farewell, and proſper, youths! let Neſtor know
What grateful thoughts ſtill in this boſom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Trough the long dangers of the ten years war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.

And oh! return'd might we Ulyſſes meet!
To him thy preſents ſhow, thy words repeat:
How will each ſpeech his grateful wonder raiſe!
How will each gift indulge us in thy praiſe!
Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auſpicious ſight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domeſtic pamper'd at the floor.
Peaſants in vain with threatening cries purſue,
In ſolemn ſpeed the bird majeſtic flew
Full dexter to the car: the proſperous ſight
Fill'd every breaſt with wonder and delight.
But Neſtor's ſon the chearful ſilence broke,
And in theſe words the Spartan chief beſpoke.
Say, if to us the Gods theſe omens ſend,
Or fates peculiar to thyſelf portend?
Whilſt yet the monarch paus'd with doubts oppreſs'd,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his labouring breaſt.
Hear me, ſhe cried, to whom the Gods have given
To read this ſign, and myſtic ſenſe of Heaven.
As thus the plumy ſovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd through the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So ſhall thy god-like father, toſs'd in vain
Through all the dangers of the boundleſs main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come)
From ſlaughter'd gluttons to releaſe the dome.
Oh! if this promis'd bliſs by thundering Jove
(The prince replied) ſtand fix'd in fate above;

To thee, as to ſome God, I'll temples raiſe,
And crown thy altars with the coſtly blaze.
He ſaid; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery ſteeds the ſmarting thong;
The bounding ſhafts upon the harneſs play,
Till night deſcending intercepts the way.
To Diocles, at Pheræ, they repair,
Whoſe boaſted ſire was ſacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful ſtrangers ſtay'd,
Nor found the hoſpitable rites unpay'd.
But ſoon as morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earlieſt red;
They join'd the ſteeds, and on the chariot ſprung;
The brazen portals in their paſſage rung.
To Pylos ſoon they came; when thus begun
To Neſtor's heir Ulyſſes' god-like ſon:
Let not Piſiſtratus in vain be preſt,
Nor unconſenting hear his friend's requeſt;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the ſame.
No farther from our veſſel, I implore,
The courſers drive; but laſh them to the ſhore.
Too long thy father would his friend detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindneſs urg'd in vain.
The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this requeſt,
While love and duty warr'd within his breaſt.
At length reſolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And laſh'd his panting courſers to the ſtrand.
There, while within the poop with care he ſtor'd
The regal preſents of the Spartan lord;

With

With ſpeed be gone (ſaid he); call every mate,
Ere yet to Neſtor I the tale relate:
'Tis true, the fervour of his generous heart
Brooks no repulſe, nor could'ſt thou ſoon depart;
Himſelf will ſeek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In words alone, the Pylian monarch kind.
But when, arriv'd, he thy return ſhall know,
How will his breaſt with honeſt fury glow!
This ſaid, the ſounding ſtrokes his horſes fire,
And ſoon he reach'd the palace of his ſire.
Now (cried Telemachus) with ſpeedy care
Hoiſt every ſail, and every oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And ſeize their ſeats, impatient for the ſea.
Meantime the prince with ſacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When, lo! a wretch ran breathleſs to the ſhore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A ſeer he was, from great Melampus ſprung;
Melampus, who in Pyles flouriſh'd long,
Till, urg'd by wrongs, a foreign realm he choſe,
Far from the hateful cauſe of all his woes.
Neleus his treaſures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Philacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguiſh, and what rage, combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his labouring mind!
Yet 'ſcap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquiſh'd, and conſign'd the Fair
To Bias' arms) he fought a foreign air;

Argos the rich for his retreat he choſe,
There form'd his empire; there his palace roſe.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The firſt begot Oïclus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's ſaviour, and divinely wiſe,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the ſkies,
Yet ſhort his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:
And Polyphides on whom Phœbus ſhone
With fulleſt rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hypereſia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counſels of the God.
From him ſprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The ſacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to Heaven he preſs'd
His ardent vows, the ſtranger thus addreſs'd:
O thou! that doſt thy happy courſe prepare
With pure libations, and with ſolemn prayer;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are paid
By all the lives of theſe; thy own dear head,
Declare ſincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.
Prepare then, ſaid Telemachus, to know
A tale from falſehood free, not free from woe,
From Ithaca, of royal birth, I came,
And great Ulyſſes (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my ſire: though now for ever loſt
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!

Whoſe fate enquiring through the world we rove;
The laſt, the wretched, proof of filial love.
The ſtranger then: Nor ſhall I aught conceal,
But the dire ſecret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I ſlew;
Whoſe powerful friends the luckleſs deed purſue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-ſtain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, O bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the ſuppliant! ſpare my deſtin'd blood!
Stranger (replied the prince) ſecurely reſt
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our gueſt.
Thus affable, Ulyſſes' god-like heir
Takes from the ſtranger's hand the glittering ſpear:
He climbs the ſhip, aſcends the ſtern with haſte,
And by his ſide the gueſt accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command;
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea.
Crunus they paſs'd, next Chalchis roll'd away,
When thickening darkneſs clos'd the doubtful day;
The ſilver Phæa's glittering rills they loſt,
And ſkimm'd along by Elis' ſacred coaſt.
Then cautious through the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning ſudden, ſhun the death deſign'd.
Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the reſt,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feaſt:

The

The banquet paſt, and ſatiate every man,
To try his hoſt, Ulyſſes thus began:
Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your g
The laſt I purpoſe in your walls to reſt:
To-morrow for myſelf I muſt provide,
And only aſk your counſel, and a guide:
Patient to roam the ſtreet, by hunger led,
And bleſs the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulyſſes' roof I may relate
Ulyſſes' wanderings to his royal mate;
Or, mingling with the ſuitors' haughty train,
Not undeſerving ſome ſupport obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of induſtry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dextrous works contend,
The pyre to build, the ſtubborn oak to rend;
To turn the taſteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple ſtream.
Such are the taſks of men of mean eſtate,
Whom fortune dooms to ſerve the rich and great
Alas! (Eumæus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
How ſprung a thought ſo monſtrous in thy mind!
If on that god-leſs race thou would'ſt attend,
Fate owes thee ſure a miſerable end!
Their wrongs and blaſphemies aſcend the ſky,
And pull deſcending vengeance from on high.
Not ſuch, my friend, the ſervants of their feaſt;
A blooming train in rich embroidery dreſt,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bend
And ſmiling round celeſtial youth attends.

then : no eye askance beholds thee here :
:t is thy converse to each social ear ;
l pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
good Telemachus accepts his guest
ı genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.
› him the man of woes : O gracious Jove !
ard this stranger's hospitable love !
knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
rs the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
ll the ills unhappy mortals know,
e of wanderings is the greatest woe :
ll their weary ways wait care and pain,
pine and penury, a meagre train.
ich a man since harbour you afford,
e the farther fortunes of your lord ;
t cares his mother's tender breast engage,
sire forsaken on the verge of age ;
ith the sun prolong they yet their breath,
nge the house of darkness and of death ?
hom the swain : Attend what you enquire ;
es lives, the miserable sire
, but implores of every Power to lay
›urden down, and wishes for the day.
from his offspring in the eve of life,
from the embraces of his tender wife,
and all comfortless, he wastes away.
ge, untimely posting ere his day.
›o, sad mother ! for Ulysses lost
out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.

(So

(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From every friendly, every feeling heart!)
While yet ſhe was, though clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleaſing converſe miniſter'd relief:
With Ctimene, her youngeſt daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the ſoftly-ſtealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos' iſle ſhe ſent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor leſs the darling object of her love.
Her hapleſs death my brighter days o'ercaſt,
Yet Providence deſerts me not at laſt;
My preſent labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleaſure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and diſcountenanc'd the ſervants ſtand,
Nor dare to queſtion where the proud command:
No profit ſprings beneath uſurping powers;
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the ſwains.
The ſuffering chief at this began to melt;
And, O Eumæus! thou (he cries) haſt felt
The ſpite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miſeries!

hole ſad ſtory, from its firſt, declare:
he fair city by the rage of war,
once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
ıbler life, the lowing herds and ſheep?
perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
ırates ſeiz'd, and ſhipp'd thee o'er the main?
d a fair prize to grace ſome prince's board,
ərthy purchaſe of a foreign lord.
ıen my fortunes can delight my friend,
r fruitful of events attend:
ɛr's ſorrow may thy ear enjoy,
ine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
ıights the now declining year beſtows;
we conſecrate to ſoft repoſe,
in pleaſing talk we entertain;
› much reſt itſelf becomes a pain.
ıſe, whom ſleep invites, the call obey,
:ares reſuming with the dawning day:
t us feaſt, and to the feaſt be join'd
rſe, the ſweeter banquet of the mind;
the ſeries of our lives, and taſte
elancholy joy of evils paſt:
who much has ſuffer'd, much will know;
eas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
ve Ortygia lies an iſle of fame,
ıce remote, and Syria is the name
curious eyes inſcrib'd with wonder trace
n's diurnal, and his annual race);
ge, but fruitful; ſtor'd with graſs, to keep
llowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep;

Her

Her ſloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor ſink by ſickneſs to the ſhades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the ſilver bow with tender ſkill,
And, void of pain, the ſilent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities riſe with equal pride.
But both in conſtant peace one prince obey,
And Ctefius there, my father, holds the ſway.
Freighted, it ſeems, with toys of every ſort
A ſhip of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What-time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land;
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To waſh her robes deſcending to the main,
A ſmooth-tongued ſailor won her to his mind
(For love deceives the beſt of woman-kind.)
A ſudden truſt from ſudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all ſhe knew.
I too (ſhe cry'd) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But, ſnatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians ſold me to this man's embrace.
Haſte then (the falſe deſigning youth reply'd)
Haſte to thy country; love ſhall be thy guide;
Haſte to thy father's houſe, thy father's breaſt,
For ſtill he lives, and lives with riches bleſt.

"Swear

Swear firſt (ſhe cry'd) ye ſailors! to reſtore
wretch in ſafety to her native ſhore."
: as ſhe aſk'd, the ready ſailors ſwore.
hen proceeds: "Now let our compact made
or by ſignal nor by word betray'd,
ear me any of your crew deſcried
ad frequented, or by fountain ſide.
ence ſtill our guard. The monarch's ſpies
watchful age is ready to ſurmiſe)
till at hand; and this, reveal'd, muſt be
to yourſelves, eternal chains to me.
veſſel loaded, and your traffick paſt,
itch a wary meſſenger with haſte:
gold and coſtly treaſures will I bring,
more," the infant-offspring of the king.
child-like wandering forth, I 'll lead away,
oble prize!) and to your ſhip convey.
ius ſpoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
ar they traffick, and their veſſel load,
r ſtores complete, and ready now to weigh,
/ was ſent their ſummons to convey:
rtiſt to my father's palace came,
gold and amber chains, elaborate frame:
female eye the glittering links employ,
turn, review, and cheapen every toy.
ok th' occaſion as they ſtood intent,
her the ſign, and to his veſſel went.
:raight purſued, and ſeiz'd my willing arm;
ow'd ſmiling, innocent of harm.
e golden goblets in the porch ſhe found
gueſts not enter'd, but the table crown'd);

Hid in her fraudful boſom, theſe ſhe bore:
Now ſet the ſun, and darken'd all the ſhore.
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted veſſel rides;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and ſv
With level oar along the glaſſy deep.
Six calmy days and ſix ſmooth nights we ſail,
And conſtant Jove ſupplied the gentle gale.
The ſeventh, the fraudful wretch, (no cauſe diſcr
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corſe, a worthleſs load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce ſea-wolves, and monſters of the flood.
An helpleſs infant, I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes, by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.
To him the king: Reciting thus thy cares,
My ſecret ſoul in all thy ſorrows ſhares:
But one choice bleſſing (ſuch is Jove's high will)
Has ſweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapleſs end,
The Gods have, in a maſter, given a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For ſhe needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, ſo many wanderings paſt and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty beſtows.
So paſs'd in pleaſing dialogue away
The night; then down to ſhort repoſe they lay;
Till radiant roſe the meſſenger of day.

n the port of Ithaca, the band
ng Telemachus approach'd the land;
ıils they loos'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
ſt their anchors, and the cables tied:
n the breezy ſhore deſcending join
:ful banquet o'er the roſy wine.
hus the prince: Now each his courſe purſue;
fields, and to the city you.
ɔſent hence, I dedicate this day
ıins to viſit, and the works ſurvey.
me with the morn, to pay the ſkies
ɔt of ſafe return, in feaſt and ſacrifice.
ı Theoclymenus: But who ſhall lend,
me, protection to thy ſtranger-friend?
t to the queen and palace ſhall I fly,
t more diſtant, to ſome lord apply?
prince return'd: Renown'd in days of yore
od our father's hoſpitable door;
:r roof a ſtranger ſhould receive,
ıer hands than ours the welcome give.
my abſence riot fills the place,
ars the modeſt queen a ſtranger's face;
ıoiſeful revel far remote ſhe flies,
ely ſeen, or ſeen with weeping eyes.
t Eurymachus receive my gueſt,
ıre courteous, and by far the beſt;
ɔes the queen with more reſpectful flame,
nulates her former huſband's fame:
what ſucceſs, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
ıe hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus ſpeaking, on the right up-ſoar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's ſwift-wing'd meſſenger;
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, ſcatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the veſſel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a ſanguine ſhower.
Th' obſerving augur took the prince aſide,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aërial road,
Roſe ominous, nor flies without a God:
No race but thine ſhall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, Heaven decrees the ſway.
Succeed the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon ſhall my bounties ſpeak a grateful mind,
And ſoon each envied happineſs attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus—Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful ſervant, by thy prince belov'd!
Till we returning ſhall our gueſt demand,
Accept this charge with honour at our hand.
To this Peiræus: Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hoſpitable rites to pay,
The preſence of thy gueſt ſhall beſt reward
(If long thy ſtay) the abſence of my lord.
With that their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the ſea.
All with obedient haſte forſake the ſhores,
And, plac'd in order, ſpread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his ſandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed javelin ſhakes.

:y part; while, leſſening from the hero's view,
ft to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
e hero trod the margin of the main,
d reach'd the manſion of his faithful ſwain.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS arriving at the lodge of Eumæus ſends him to carry Penelope the news of his return, Minerva appearing to Ulyſſes commands him to diſcover himſelf to his ſon. The princes, who had lain in ambuſh to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVI.

SOON as the morning bluſh'd along the plains,
Ulyſſes and the monarch of the ſwains
Awake the ſleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to paſture ſend the briſtly care.
The prince's near approach the dogs deſcry,
And fawning round his feet confeſs their joy.
Their gentle blandiſhment the king ſurvey'd,
Heard his reſounding ſtep, and inſtant ſaid:
Some well-known friend, Eumæus, bends this way;
His ſteps I hear; the dogs familiar play.
While yet he ſpoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Tranſported from his ſeat Eumæus ſprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his boſom hung;
Kiſſing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a ſhower of joy.
As ſome fond ſire, who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only ſon receives,
(Child of his age) with ſtrong paternal joy
Forward he ſprings, and claſps the favourite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus ſpread,
As if the grave had given him from the dead.

And is it thou! my ever-dear delight!
Oh, art thou come to bleſs my longing ſight!
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the deſperate way
Enter, my child! beyond my hopes reſtor'd,
Oh give theſe eyes to feaſt upon their lord!
Enter, oh ſeldom ſeen! for lawleſs powers
Too much detain thee from theſe ſylvan bowers.
The prince replied: Eumæus, I obey;
To ſeek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But ſay, if in the court the queen reſide,
Severely chaſte, or if commenc'd a bride?
Thus he: and thus the monarch of the ſwains:
Severely chaſte Penelope remains;
But, loſt to every joy, ſhe waſtes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended; and (receiving as they paſs
The javelin, pointed with a ſtar of braſs)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble ſhin'
His ſeat Ulyſſes to the prince reſign'd.
Not ſo—(exclaims the prince with decent grace)
For me, this houſe ſhall find an humbler place:
T' uſurp the honours due to ſilver hairs
And reverend ſtrangers, modeſt youth forbears.
Inſtant the ſwain the ſpoils of beaſts ſupplies,
And bids the rural throne with oziers riſe.
There ſate the prince: the feaſt Eumæus ſpread,
And heap'd the ſhining caniſters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,
The frugal remnants of the former day.

Then in a bowl he tempers generous wines,
Around whoſe verge a mimic ivy twines.
And now, the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulyſſes to Eumæus ſaid:
Whence, father, from what ſhore this ſtranger, ſay,
What veſſel bore him o'er the watery way?
To human ſtep our land impervious lies,
And round the coaſt circumfluent oceans riſe.
The ſwain returns: A tale of ſorrows hear:
In ſpacious Crete he drew his natal air,
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For Heaven has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathleſs 'ſcaping to the land he flew
From Theſprot mariners, a murderous crew.
To thee, my ſon, the ſuppliant I reſign;
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.
Hard taſk, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend.
Can ſtrangers ſafely in the court reſide,
Midſt the ſwell'd inſolence of luſt and pride?
Ev'n I unſafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed:
Perhaps ſhe weds regardleſs of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyſſæan name.
However, ſtranger, from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;
Sandals, a ſword, and robes, reſpect to prove,
And ſafe to ſail with ornaments of love.
Till then, thy gueſt amid the rural train,
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.

'Tis

'Tis mine with food the hungry to ſupply,
And cloath the naked from th' inclement ſky.
Here dwell in ſafety from the ſuitors wrongs,
And the rude inſults of ungovern'd tongues.
For ſhould'ſt thou ſuffer, powerleſs to relieve,
I muſt behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompaſs'd by an hoſtile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.

To whom, while anger in his boſom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes:
Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and reſent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood to ſee a ſoul ſo brave
Live to baſe inſolence of power a ſlave.
But tell me, doſt thou, prince, doſt thou behold,
And hear, their midnight revels uncontrol'd?
Say, do thy ſubjects in bold faction riſe,
Or prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe?
Or are thy brothers, who ſhould aid thy power,
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour?
Oh! that I were from great Ulyſſes ſprung,
Or that theſe wither'd nerves like thine were ſtrung
Or, Heavens! might he return! (and ſoon appear
He ſhall, I truſt; a hero ſcorns deſpair!)
Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worſt foe, if that avenging day
Be not their laſt: but ſhould I loſe my life
Oppreſs'd by numbers in the glorious ſtrife,
I chuſe the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear diſhonour, worſe than death;

Than ſee the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, and the ſpotleſs maid;
Then ſee the wealth of kings conſum'd in waſte,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feaſt.
Thus he, with anger flaſhing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply:
Nor leagued in factious arms my ſubjects riſe,
Nor prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe;
Nor are my brothers who ſhould aid my power
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boaſt no brother; Heaven's dread King
Gives from our ſtock an only branch to ſpring:
Alone Laertes reign'd Arceſius' heir,
Alone Ulyſſes drew the vital air,
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbleſs'd offspring of a ſire unbleſt!
Each neighbouring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and every peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with ſhady hills,
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial ſceptre, and the regal bed:
The queen, averſe to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour!
Meantime their licence uncontrol'd I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But Heaven will ſure revenge, and Gods there are.
But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our ſafe return, and eaſe a mother's heart.
Yet ſecret go; for numerous are my foes,
And here *at leaſt I* may in peace repoſe.

To whom the ſwain; I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away,
And deems thee loſt: ſhall I my ſpeed employ
To bleſs his age; a meſſenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad ſire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet, buſied with his ſlaves, to eaſe his woe,
He dreſs'd the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but ſince the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the watery way,
Nor wine nor food he taſtes; but ſunk in woes,
Wild ſprings the vine, no more the garden blows:
Shut from the walks of men, to pleaſure loſt,
Penſive and pale he wanders, half a ghoſt.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince return
Yet ceaſe to go—what man ſo bleſt but mourns?
Were every wiſh indulg'd by favouring ſkies,
This hour ſhould give Ulyſſes to my eyes.
But to the queen with ſpeed diſpatchful bear
Our ſafe return, and back with ſpeed repair:
And let ſome handmaid of her train reſort
To good Laertes in his rural court.
While yet he ſpoke, impatient of delay,
He brac'd his ſandals on, and ſtrode away:
Then from the heavens the Martial Goddeſs flies
Through the wide fields of air, and cleaves the ſkies
In form a virgin in ſoft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.
Alone to Ithacus ſhe ſtood diſplay'd,
But unapparent as a viewleſs ſhade

Eſcap

Eſcap'd Telemachus (the Powers above,
Seen or unſeen, o'er earth at pleaſure move):
The dogs intelligent confeſs'd the tread
Of power divine; and, howling, trembling, fled.
The Goddeſs, beckoning, waves her deathleſs hands;
Dauntleſs the king before the Goddeſs ſtands.
Then why (ſhe ſaid) O favour'd of the ſkies!
Why to thy god-like ſon this long diſguiſe?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Againſt thy foes; be valiant, and deſtroy!
Lo! I deſcend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy ſide, thy guardian Power.
She ſaid, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold;
At once with grace divine his frame improves:
At once with majeſty enlarg'd he moves:
Youth fluſh'd his reddening cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in ſable ringlets flows;
His blackening chin receives a deeper ſhade;
Then from his eyes upſprung the Warriour-Maid.
The hero re-aſcends: the prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.
Then with ſurprize (ſurprize chaſtis'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!
Far other veſts thy limbs majeſtic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If Heaven be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready ſacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy ſhrine,
To win thy grace: Oh ſave us, Power Divine!

Few

Few are my days, Ulyſſes made reply,
Nor I, alas! deſcendant of the ſky.
I am thy father. Oh my ſon! my ſon!
That father, for whoſe ſake thy days have run
One ſcene of woe; to endleſs cares conſign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of baſe mankind.
Then ruſhing to his arms, he kiſs'd his boy
With the ſtrong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:
He ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt he grew.
Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond deſire)
Thou art not—no, thou canſt not be my ſire.
Heaven ſuch illuſion only can impoſe,
By the falſe joy to aggravate my woes.
Who but a God can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late, worn with years, in weeds obſcene you trod;
Now, cloath'd in majeſty, you move a God!
Forbear, he cry'd; for Heaven reſerve that name,
Give to thy father, but a father's claim:
Other Ulyſſes ſhalt thou never ſee,
I am Ulyſſes, I (my ſon) am he.
Twice ten ſad years o'er earth and ocean toſt,
'Tis given at length to view my native coaſt.
Pallas, unconquer'd Maid, my frame ſurrounds
With grace divine; her power admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles ſhed;
Now, ſtrong as youth, magnificent I tread.
The Gods with eaſe frail man depreſs or raiſe,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debaſe.

He

He ſpoke, and ſate. The prince with tranſport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew:
Nor leſs the father pour'd a ſocial flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce ſorrow ſtung,
Or parent vulture, mourns her raviſh'd young;
They cry, they ſcream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To ſome rude churl, and borne by ſtealth away;
So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfiniſh'd with the ſetting ſun:
But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the ſolemn woe.
What ſhip tranſported thee, O father, ſay,
And what bleſs'd hands have oar'd thee on the way?
All, all (Ulyſſes inſtant made reply)
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port aſſign'd,
A nation ever to the ſtranger kind;
Wrapp'd in th' embrace of ſleep, the faithful train
O'er ſeas convey'd me to my native reign:
Embroider'd veſtures, gold, and braſs, are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the ſylvan ſhade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to ſlay,
And plan the ſcene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills—but thou, my ſon, explain
The names and numbers of th' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Aſſiſtant force, or ſingly to deſtroy.
O'er earth (returns the prince) reſounds thy name,
Thy well-tried wiſdom, and thy martial fame,

Yet at thy words I ſtart, in wonder loſt;
Can we engage, not decads, but an hoſt?
Can we alone in furious battle ſtand,
Againſt that numerous and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: from Dulichium came
Twice twenty-ſix, all peers of mighty name,
Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boaſt
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus coaſt:
And twelve our country's pride: to theſe belong
Medon and Phemius ſkill'd in heavenly ſong.
Two ſewers from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taſte, and ſerve the feaſt in ſtate.
With ſuch a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by falſe courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what aſſiſtant powers your boaſt, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the ſtern debate.
Mark well my voice, Ulyſſes ſtraight replies:
What need of aids, if favour'd by the ſkies?
If ſhielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thundering Jove.
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
Againſt the banded powers of all mankind:
They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds;
Wither the ſtrength of man, and awe the Gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when ſtrong in might
We riſe terrific to the taſk of fight.
But thou, when morn ſalutes th' aërial plain,
The court reviſit and the lawleſs train:
Me thither in diſguiſe Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.

There, if baſe ſcorn inſult my reverend age;
Bear it, my ſon! repreſs thy riſing rage.
If outrag'd, ceaſe that outrage to repel;
Bear it, my ſon! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet ſtrive by prayer and counſel to reſtrain
Their lawleſs inſults, though thou ſtrive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to Wiſdom's call,
And vengeance ſtrikes whom Heaven has doom'd to fall.
Once more attend: When * She whoſe power inſpires
The thinking mind, my ſoul to vengeance fires;
I give the ſign: that inſtant, from beneath,
Aloft convey the inſtruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if miſtruſt ariſe,
Thus veil the truth in plauſible diſguiſe:
"Theſe glittering weapons, ere he ſail'd to Troy,
"Ulyſſes view'd with ſtern heroic joy:
"Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they ſhone:
"Now duſt diſhonours, all their luſtre gone.
"I bear them hence (ſo Jove my ſoul inſpires)
"From the pollution of the fuming fires;
"Leſt, when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
"Ye ruſh to arms, and ſtain the feaſt with blood:
"Oft ready ſwords in luckleſs hour incite
"The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a ſword to wield,
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful ſhield.
But by my blood that in thy boſom glows,
By that regard, a ſon his father owes;

* Minerva.

The ſecret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy boſom from the houſehold train;
Hide it from all; ev'n from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whoſe faith yet laſts among the menial crew;
And, noting, ere we riſe in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince; for ſure you merit love.
To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
The brave and wiſe, and my great father's fame.
But re-conſider, ſince the wiſeſt err,
Vengeance reſolv'd, 'tis dangerous to defer.
What length of time muſt we conſume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, induſtrious to deſtroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damſels that attend the throne:
Diſpers'd the youth reſides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou haſt ſpoke from Jove.
While in debate they waſte the hours away,
Th' aſſociates of the prince repaſs'd the bay;
With ſpeed they guide the veſſel to the ſhores;
With ſpeed debarking land the naval ſtores;
Then, faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And truſt the preſents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart
Her ſon's return, and eaſe a parent's heart;
Left, a ſad prey to ever-muſing cares,
Pale grief deſtroy what time a-while forbears.

uncautious herald with impatience burns,
cries aloud: Thy ſon, O Queen, returns:
eus ſage approach'd th' imperial throne,
breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
meaſur'd back the way—The ſuitor band,
to the ſoul, abaſh'd, confounded, ſtand;
iſſuing from the dome, before the gate,
clouded looks, a pale aſſembly ſate.
length Eurymachus: Our hopes are vain;
nachus in triumph ſails the main.
, rear the maſt, the ſwelling ſhroud diſplay;
, to our ambuſh'd friends the news convey.
rce had he ſpoke, when, turning to the ſtrand,
inomus ſurvey'd th' aſſociate band;
o the bay within the winding ſhores
gather'd ſails they ſtood, and lifted oars.
nds! he cry'd, elate with riſing joy,
the port ſecure the veſſel fly!
God has told them, or themſelves ſurvey
ark eſcap'd; and meaſure back their way.
ift at the word deſcending to the ſhores,
moor the veſſel and unlade the ſtores:
moving from the ſtrand, apart they ſate,
full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
es then the boy? he lives (Antinous cries)
are of Gods and favourite of the ſkies.
ight we watch'd, till with her orient wheels
ra flam'd above the eaſtern hills,
from the lofty brow of rocks by day
in the ocean with a broad ſurvey;

Yet ſafe he ſails! the Powers celeſtial give
To ſhun the hidden ſnares of death, and live.
But die he ſhall, and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the ſcene of inſtant death decreed:
Hope ye ſucceſs? undaunted cruſh the foe.
Is he not wiſe? know this, and ſtrike the blow.
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averſe too juſtly to our cauſe?
Strike ere, the ſtates conven'd, the foe betray
Our murderous ambuſh on the watery way.
Or chuſe ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcaſts of earth, to breathe an unknown ſky?
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambuſh'd we 'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in ſolitude and ſhade:
And give the palace to the queen a dower,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal hour.
But if ſubmiſſive you reſign the ſway,
Slaves to a boy; go, flatter and obey.
Retire we inſtant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings conſum'd in vain;
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be gone
To ſome bleſt prince, the prince decreed by Heaven.
Abaſh'd, the ſuitor train his voice attends;
Till from his throne Amphinomus aſcends,
Who o'er Dulichium ſtretch'd his ſpacious reign,
A land of plenty, bleſt with every grain:
Chief of the numbers who the queen addreſs'd,
And though diſpleaſing, yet diſpleaſing leaſt.

Soft were his words; his actions wiſdom ſway'd;
Graceful a-while he paus'd, then mildly ſaid:
O friends, forbear! and be the thought withſtood:
'Tis horrible to ſhed imperial blood!
Conſult we firſt th' all ſeeing powers above,
And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they aſſent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the ſkies.
He ſaid: The rival train his voice approv'd,
And riſing inſtant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noiſe they ſate,
Recumbent on the ſhining thrones of ſtate.
The Medon, conſcious of their dire debates,
The murderous council to the queen relates.
Touch'd at the dreadful ſtory ſhe deſcends:
Her haſty ſteps a damſel-train attends.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival powers ſhe ſtands:
And, veiling decent with a modeſt ſhade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous ſaid:
O void of faith! of all bad men the worſt!
Renown'd for wiſdom, by th' abuſe accurs'd!
Miſtaking fame proclaims thy generous mind!
Thy deeds denote thee of the baſeſt kind.
Wretch! to deſtroy a prince that friendſhip gives,
While in his gueſt his murderer he receives:
Nor dread ſuperior Jove, to whom belong
The cauſe of ſuppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Haſt thou forgot (ingrateful as thou art)
Who ſav'd thy father with a friendly part?

Lawleſs he ravag'd with his martial powers
The Taphyan pirates on Theſprotia's ſhores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treaſures they demand;
Ulyſſes ſav'd him from th' avenger's hand.
And would'ſt thou evil for his good repay?
His bed diſhonour, and his houſe betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murderous hand
Deſtroy his heir?—but ceaſe, 'tis I command.
Far hence thoſe fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)
O prudent princeſs! bid thy ſoul confide.
Breathes there a man who dares that hero ſlay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous Powers of Heaven I ſwear,
His blood in vengeance ſmokes upon my ſpear.
Ulyſſes, when my infant days I led,
With wine ſuffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My generous ſoul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's ſon lives deareſt to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm; if Heaven deſtroy,
We muſt reſign: for man is born to die.
Thus ſmooth he ended, yet his death conſpir'd:
Then ſorrowing, with ſad ſtep the queen retir'd,
With ſtreaming eyes all comfortleſs deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord:
Nor ceas'd till Pallas bid her ſorrows fly,
And in ſoft ſlumber ſeal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the evening hour,
Came late returning to his ſylvan bower.
[illegible]s and his ſon had dreſs'd with art
[illegible]rling boar, and gave the Gods their part,

Holy

repaſt! That inſtant from the ſkies
Martial Goddeſs to Ulyſſes flies:
waves her golden wand, and re-aſſumes
n every feature every grace that blooms;
ince his veſtures change; at once ſhe ſheds
o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;
to the queen the ſwain with tranſport fly,
ble to contain th' unruly joy.
'hen near he drew, the prince breaks forth: Proclaim
it tidings, friend? what ſpeaks the voice of Fame?
if the ſuitors meaſure back the main,
till in ambuſh thirſt for blood in vain?
'hether, he cries, they meaſure back the flood,
till in ambuſh thirſt in vain for blood,
p'd my care: where lawleſs ſuitors ſway,
mandate borne, my ſoul diſdain'd to ſtay.
from th' Hermæan height I caſt a view,
re to the port a bark high bounding flew;
freight a ſhining band: with martial air
pois'd his ſhield, and each advanc'd his ſpear:
, if aright theſe ſearching eyes ſurvey,
eluded ſuitors ſtem the watery way.
he prince, well pleas'd to diſappoint their wiles,
s on his ſire a glance, and ſecret ſmiles.
now, a ſhort repaſt prepar'd, they fed,
the keen rage of craving hunger fled,
to repoſe withdrawn, apart they lay,
in ſoft ſleep forgot the cares of day.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS returning to the city relates to Penelope the ſum of his travels. Ulyſſes is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his maſter, after an abſence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulyſſes remains among the ſuitors whoſe behaviour is deſcribed.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVII.

ON as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
prinkled with roſeate light the dewy lawn;
ıſte the prince aroſe, prepar'd to part;
ınd impatient graſps the pointed dart;
on his feet the poliſh'd ſandals ſhine,
thus he greets the maſter of the ſwine:
/ friend, adieu; let this ſhort ſtay ſuffice;
e to meet my mother's longing eyes,
end her tears, her ſorrows, and her ſighs.
hou, attentive, what we order heed;
hapleſs ſtranger to the city lead;
ıblic bounty let him there be fed,
bleſs the hand that ſtretches forth the bread.
ipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
'ill may covet, but my power denies.
s raiſe anger in the ſtranger's thought,
ıain of anger puniſhes the fault:
'ery truth I undiſguis'd declare;
'hat ſo eaſy as to be ſincere?
this Ulyſſes: What the prince requires
'ift removal, ſeconds my deſires.
ant like mine the peopled town can yield
hopes of comfort than the lonely field.

Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or ſtoop to taſks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but, ſince this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours ſpace permit me here to ſtay;
My ſteps Eumæus ſhall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor aught Telemachus reply'd,
But left the manſion with a lofty ſtride:
Schemes of revenge his pondering breaſt elate,
Revolving deep the ſuitors' ſudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his ſpear againſt the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threſhold bounds;
The marble pavement with his ſtep reſounds;
His eye firſt glanc'd where Euryclea ſpreads
With furry ſpoils of beaſts the ſplendid beds:
She ſaw, ſhe wept, ſhe ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her maſter with a long embrace.
All crouded round the family appears
With wild entrancement, and extatic tears.
Swift from above deſcends the royal fair
(Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air);
Hangs o'er her ſon; in his embraces dies;
Rains kiſſes on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words ſhe ſpoke, though much ſhe had to ſay;
And ſcarce thoſe few, for tears, could force their w
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has Heaven from Pylos brought my lovely boy?

atch'd from all our cares!—Tell, haſt thou known
father's fate? and tell me all thy own.
deareſt, moſt rever'd of womankind!
with thoſe tears to melt a manly mind
lied the prince); nor be our fates deplor'd,
death and treaſon to thy arms reſtor'd.
athe, and, rob'd in white, aſcend the towers;
all thy handmaids thank th' immortal Powers;
very God vow hecatombs to bleed,
call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
e to th' aſſembled council I repair;
anger ſent by Heaven attends me there;
iew-accepted gueſt I haſte to find,
to Piræus' honour'd charge conſign'd.
ie matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
ath'd; and, rob'd in white, with all her train,
very God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
d with his lance, the prince then paſs'd the gate;
dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
s his form with grace divine improves:
gazing croud admires him as he moves:
gathering round, the haughty ſuitors greet
ſemblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
falſe addreſſes generous he denied,
d on, and ſate by faithful Mentor's ſide;
Antiphus, and Halitherſes ſage
father's counſellors, rever'd for age).
s own fortunes, and Ulyſſes' fame,
d aſk'd the ſeniors; till Piræus came.

The ſtranger-gueſt purſued him cloſe behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He (when Piræus aſk'd for ſlaves to bring
The gifts and treaſures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful anſwer'd: Thoſe we ſhall not move,
Dark and unconſcious of the will of Jove:
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince muſt fall,
Us, and our houſe, if treaſon muſt o'erthrow,
Better a friend poſſeſs them, than a foe;
If death to theſe, and vengeance Heaven decree,
Riches are welcome then, not elſe, to me.
Till then retain the gifts.—The hero ſaid,
And in his hand the willing ſtranger led.
Then diſ-array'd, the ſhining bath they ſought,
(With unguents ſmooth) of poliſh'd marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with aſſiſtant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And freſh from bathing to their ſeats withdrew,
The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Repleniſh'd from the pure tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious ſtreams that golden ewer ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize:
They waſh: the table, in fair order ſpread,
Is pil'd with viands and the ſtrength of bread.
Full oppoſite, before the folding-gate,
The penſive mother ſits in humble ſtate;
Lowly ſhe ſate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.

The prince and ſtranger ſhar'd the genial feaſt,
Till now the rage of thirſt and hunger ceas'd.
When thus the queen: My ſon! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch ſhall I aſcend?
(The couch deſerted now a length of years;
The couch for ever water'd with my tears!)
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the ſuitor-crew
Return, and riot ſhakes our walls anew)
Say, wilt thou not the leaſt account afford?
The leaſt glad tidings of my abſent lord?
To her the youth: We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Neſtor, ſhepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderneſs to him are known,
Kind to Ulyſſes' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder graſp of joy
Strains to his boſom his long-abſent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulyſſes breathe,
Or glide a ſpectre in the realms beneath;
For farther ſearch, his rapid ſteeds tranſport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whoſe charms
(So Heaven decreed) engag'd the great in arms.
My cauſe of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And ſtill his words live perfect in my mind.
Heavens! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A timorous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;

Mean-

Meantime returning, with remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulyſſes re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
And thou whoſe luſtre gilds the rolling ſphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the Martial Maid!
Such to our wiſh the warriour ſoon reſtore,
As when, contending on the Leſbian ſhore,
His proweſs Philomelides confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne
Their love preſumptuous ſhall by death atone;
Now what you queſtion of my ancient friend,
With truth I anſwer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the * ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eyes can pierce the dark receſs of fate.
Sole in an iſle, impriſon'd by the main,
The ſad ſurvivor of his numerous train,
Ulyſſes lies; detain'd by magic charms,
And preſs'd unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
No ſailors there, no veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way—
This told Atrides and he told no more.
Thence ſafe I voyag'd to my native ſhore.
He ceas'd; nor made the penſive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a ſecret ſigh.
When Theoclymenus the ſeer began:
O ſuffering conſort of the ſuffering man!

What

* Proteus.

at human knowledge could, thoſe kings might tell;
I the ſecrets of high Heaven reveal.
re the firſt of Gods be this declar'd,
re the board whoſe bleſſing we have ſhar'd;
neſs the genial rites, and witneſs all
houſe holds ſacred in her ample wall!
now this inſtant, great Ulyſſes lay'd
eſt, or wandering in his country's ſhade,
ir guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view,
et revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
his ſure auguries the Gods beſtow'd,
n firſt our veſſel anchor'd in your road.
cceed thoſe omens, Heaven! (the queen rejoin'd)
all our bounties ſpeak a grateful mind;
every envied happineſs attend
man, who calls Penelope his friend.
hus commun'd they: while in the marble court
ne of their inſolence) the lords reſort;
vart the ſpacious ſquare each tries his art,
whirl the diſk, or aim the miſſile dart.
ow did the hour of ſweet repaſt arrive,
from the field the victim flocks they drive:
on the herald (one who pleas'd them beſt,
honour'd with a portion of their feaſt)
id the banquet, interrupts their play.
t to the hall they haſte; aſide they lay
r garments, and, ſuccinct, the victims ſlay.
ſheep and goats, and briſtly pokers bled,
the proud ſteer was o'er the marble ſpread.
hile thus the copious banquet they provide;
g the road converſing ſide by ſide,

Proceed Ulyſſes and the faithful ſwain:
When thus Eumæus, generous and humane:
To town, obſervant of our lord's beheſt,
Now let us ſpeed; my friend, no more my gueſt!
Yet like myſelf I wiſh'd thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raiſe my maſter's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is ſevere.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are diſplay'd,
Or ere brown evening ſpreads her chilly ſhade.
Juſt thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And ſuch as ſuits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to ſome ſtaff, to ſtay
My feeble ſtep, ſince rugged is the way.
Acroſs his ſhoulders then the ſcrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and faſten'd by a twiſted thong.
A ſtaff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers ſtay;
Theſe with their watchful dogs (a conſtant guard)
Supply his abſence, and attend the herd,
And now his city ſtrikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miſeries;
Propp'd on a ſtaff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags diſhoneſt fluttering with the air!
Now paſs'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way deſcending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapſe diſtills
A limpid fount; that, ſpread in parting rills,
Its current thence to ſerve the city brings:
An uſeful work adorn'd by ancient kings.

Neri

Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In ſculptur'd ſtone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove;
Where ſilver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where conſtant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors ſolemnize the ſhade.
Here with his goats (not vow'd to ſacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came:
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He eyed the ſtranger, and imperious ſpoke:
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is uſher to another ſtill.
Heaven with a ſecret principle endued
Mankind, to ſeek their own ſimilitude.
Where goes the ſwine-herd with that ill-look'd gueſt?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feaſt!
Full many a poſt have thoſe broad ſhoulders worn,
From every great man's gate repuls'd with ſcorn;
To no brave prize aſpir'd the worthleſs ſwain,
'Twas but for ſcraps he aſk'd, and aſk'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better underſtands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the ſlave be good,
To cleanſe the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour thoſe big joints could learn;
Some whey, to waſh his bowels, he might earn.

To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to ſpread,
Is all, by which that graceleſs maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I propheſy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly, ſhalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footſtool thundering at thy head.
He thus: nor inſolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his ruſtic heel his king unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he like a pillar ſtood,
Nor ſtirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his ſtaff to ſtrike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthleſs head.
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.
But, hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obteſting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
Daughters of Jove! who from th' ætherial bowers
Deſcend to ſwell the ſprings, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whoſe ſacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulyſſes' piety preferr'd
The yearly firſtlings of his flock and herd;
Succeed my wiſh; your votary reſtore:
Oh, be ſome God his convoy to our ſhore!
Due pains ſhall puniſh then this ſlave's offence,
And humble all his airs of inſolence,
Who, proudly ſtalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What mutters he? (Melanthius ſharp rejoins)
This crafty miſcreant big with dark deſigns?

The

The day ſhall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When, ſlave! to ſell thee at a price too dear,
Muſt be my care; and hence tranſport thee o'er,
(A load and ſcandal to this happy ſhore).
Oh! that as ſurely great Apollo's dart,
Or ſome brave ſuitor's ſword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud ſon; as that we ſtand this hour
In laſting ſafety from the father's power!
So ſpoke the wretch, but, ſhunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud ſtep, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feaſtful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet ſhar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, ſoft-circling in the ſky,
Sweet airs aſcend, and heavenly minſtrelſy
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the ſtrain):
Ulyſſes hearken'd, then addreſs'd the ſwain:
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and reſpondent to the maſter's fame!
Stage above ſtage th' imperial ſtructure ſtands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts incloſe,
And the ſtrong gates defy an hoſt of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd aſſembly, and the feaſt of joy:
I ſee the ſmokes of ſacrifice aſpire,
And hear (what graces every feaſt) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus: Judge we which were beſt;
Amidſt yon revellers a ſudden gueſt

Chuſe you to mingle, while behind I ſtay?
Or I firſt entering introduce the way?
Wait for a ſpace without, but wait not long;
This is the houſe of violence and wrong:
Some rude inſult thy reverend age may bear;
For like their lawleſs lords the ſervants are.
Juſt is, O friend! thy caution, and addreſs'd
(Repljed the chief) to no unheedful breaſt;
The wrongs and injuries of baſe mankind
Freſh to my ſenſe, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I paſs'd, and many a ſtern debate;
And now in humbler ſcene ſubmit to Fate.
What cannot Want? The bleſt ſhe will expoſe,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hoſts, and loud alarms,
The ſea, the land, and ſhakes the world with arms!
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient maſter knew;
He, not unconſcious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the ſound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulyſſes, nouriſh'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to pleaſe his lord!
To him, his ſwiftneſs and his ſtrength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in every ſylvan chace renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth purſued the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.

Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was ſpread,
Obſcene with reptiles, took his ſordid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and ſtrove to meet;
In vain he ſtrove to crawl, and kiſs his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his maſter, and confeſs his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden ſtole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impaſſion'd cry'd:
What noble beaſt in this abandon'd ſtate
Lies here all helpleſs at Ulyſſes' gate?
His bulk and beauty ſpeak no vulgar praiſe;
If as he ſeems he was in better days,
Some care his age deſerves: or was he priz'd
For worthleſs beauty! therefore now deſpis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, meer things of ſtate,
And always cheriſh'd by their friends, the Great.
Not Argus ſo (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But ſerv'd a maſter of a nobler kind,
Who never, never ſhall behold him more!
Long, long ſince periſh'd on a diſtant ſhore!
Oh! had you ſeen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a ſtag, and as a lion ſtrong;
Him no fell ſavage on the plain withſtood,
None 'ſcap'd him, boſom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his ſcent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!

Such, when Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt;
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is loſt!
The women keep the generous creature bare,
A ſleek and idle race is all their care:
The maſter gone, the ſervants what reſtrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.
This ſaid, the honeſt herdſman ſtrode before;
The muſing monarch pauſes at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a laſt look, and, having ſeen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the firſt of all,
Obſerv'd Eumæus entering in the hall;
Diſtant he ſaw, acroſs the ſhady dome;
Then gave a ſign, and beckon'd him to come:
There ſtood an empty ſeat, where late was plac'd,
In order due, the ſteward of the feaſt
(Who now was buſied carving round the board);
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him inſtant was the banquet ſpread,
And the bright baſket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulyſſes lowly at the door,
A figure deſpicable, old, and poor,
In ſqualid veſts, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a ſtaff, and trembling as he went.
Then, reſting on the threſhold of the gate,
Againſt a cypreſs pillar lean'd his weight

(Smooth'd

ɔoth'd by the workman to a poliſh'd plain);
thoughtful ſon beheld, and call'd his ſwain:
heſe viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
let yon mendicant our plenty ſhare:
ı let him circle round the ſuitors' board,
try the bounty of each gracious lord.
let him act, encourag'd thus by me;
ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree!
s lord's command the faithful ſervant bears;
ſeeming beggar anſwers with his prayers.
be Telemachus! in every deed
re him, Jove! in every wiſh ſucceed!
ſaid, the portion from his ſon convey'd
ı ſmiles receiving on his ſcrip he lay'd.
ſ as the minſtrel ſwept the ſounding wire,
ed, and ceas'd when ſilence held the lyre.
: as the ſuitors from the banquet roſe,
:rva prompts the man of mighty woes
empt their bounties with a ſuppliant's art,
learn the generous from th' ignoble heart
but his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
ns to full vengeance all the offending train);
ı ſpeaking eyes, and voice of plaintive ſound,
ble he moves, imploring all around.
proud feel pity, and relief beſtow,
ı ſuch an image touch'd of human woe;
iiring all, their wonder they confeſs,
eye the man, majeſtic in diſtreſs.
hile thus they gaze and queſtion with their eyes,
bold Melanthius to their thought replies:

My lords! this ſtranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus uſher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Though all unknown his clime, or noble race.
And is this preſent, ſwineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'ſt thou theſe vagrants to infeſt the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of theſe our court already grace,
Of giant ſtomach, and of famiſh'd face.
Such gueſts Eumæus to his country brings,
To ſhare our feaſt, and lead the life of kings.
To whom the hoſpitable ſwain rejoin'd:
Thy paſſion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from diſtant nations to his own,
The poor, diſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are ſought thoſe men divine
Who public ſtructures raiſe, or who deſign;
Thoſe to whoſe eyes the Gods their ways reveal,
Or bleſs with ſalutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets ſuch reſpect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their ſongs;
Theſe ſtates invite, and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the ſun diſplays his vital fire.
It is not ſo with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjuſt to me and all that ſerve the ſtate,
To love Ulyſſes is to raiſe thy hate.
For me, ſuffice the approbation won
Of *my* great miſtreſs, and her god-like ſon.

To him Telemachus: No more incenſe
The man by nature prone to inſolence:
Injurious minds juſt anſwers but provoke—
Then turning to Antinous, thus he ſpoke:
Thanks to thy care! whoſe abſolute command
Thus drives the ſtranger from our court and land.
Heaven bleſs its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulyſſes' board.
To give another's is thy hand ſo ſlow?
So much more ſweet, to ſpoil, than to beſtow?
Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty ſtrain?
(Antinous cries with inſolent diſdain)
Portions like mine if every ſuitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth ſhould not ſee the ſlave.
He ſpoke, and lifting high above the board
His ponderous footſtool, ſhook it at his lord.
The reſt with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his ſcrip, and to the threſhold ſped;
But firſt before Antinous ſtopp'd, and ſaid:
Beſtow, my friend! thou doſt not ſeem the worſt
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the firſt;
Then, as in dignity, be firſt in worth,
And I ſhall praiſe thee through the boundleſs earth.
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of ſtate
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, ſervants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hoſpitality was then my praiſe;

In

In every ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
And poverty ſtood ſmiling in my ſight.
But Jove, all-governing, whoſe only will
Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to puniſh my purſuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Ægyptian main;
By Ægypt's ſilver flood our ſhips we moor;
Our ſpies commiſſion'd ſtraight the coaſt explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawleſs will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe:
The reddening dawn reveals the hoſtile fields,
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and gleaming ſhields:
Jove thunder'd on their ſide: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in ſervitude detain;
Death ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Demetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'ſcape his chains, my courſe I ſteer,
Still curſt by fortune, and inſulted here!
To whom Antinous thus his rage expreſs'd:
What God has plagu'd us with this gormand gueſt?
Unleſs at diſtance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another iſle, than Cyprus more unkind;
Another Ægypt, ſhalt thou quickly find.

From

From all thou beg'ſt, a bold audacious ſlave;
Nor all can give ſo much as thou canſt crave.
Nor wonder I, at ſuch profuſion ſhown;
Shameleſs they give, who give what's not their own.
The chief, retiring: Souls like that in thee
Ill ſuit ſuch forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmoſt need afford
The ſmalleſt portion of a waſteful board,
Whoſe luxury whole patrimonies ſweeps;
Yet ſtarving Want, amidſt the riot, weeps.
The haughty ſuitor with reſentment burns,
And, ſourly ſmiling, this reply returns:
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy ſlanderous tongue!
He ſaid, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His ſhoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But ſhook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of ſoul, his character ſuſtain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd ſcrip he threw,
And thus with ſemblance mild addreſs'd the crew:
May what I ſpeak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cauſe.
If, when the ſword our country's quarrel draws,
Or if, defending what is juſtly dear,
From Mars impartial ſome broad wound we bear;
The generous motive dignifies the ſcar.

But

Bút for mere want, how hard to ſuffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if injuſtice never be ſecure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods aſſert the poor,
Death ſhall lay low the proud aggreſſor's head,
And make the duſt Antinous' bridal bed.
Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The ſuitor cry'd) or force ſhall drag thee hence,
Scourge through the public ſtreet, and caſt thee there,
A mangled carcaſe for the hounds to tear.
His furious deed the general anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worſt, condemn'd: and ſome reprov'd,
Was ever chief for wars like theſe renown'd?
Ill fits the ſtranger and the poor to wound.
Unbleſt thy hand! if in this low diſguiſe
Wander, perhaps, ſome inmate of the ſkies;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe, to round the earth and main,
Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind.
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind.
Telemachus, abſorpt in thought ſevere,
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, though he ſhed no tear;
But the dark brow of ſilent ſorrow ſhook:
While thus his mother to her virgins ſpoke:
"On him and his may the bright God of day
"That baſe, inhoſpitable blow repay!"
The nurſe replies: "If Jove receives my prayer,
"Not one ſurvives to breathe to-morrow's air."
All, all are foes, and miſchief is their end;
Antinous moſt to gloomy death a friend;

(Replies

(Replies the queen) the ſtranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity ſoften'd every face;
From every other hand redreſs he found,
But fell Antinous anſwer'd with a wound.
Amidſt her maids thus ſpoke the prudent queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of th'experienc'd man I long to hear,
If or his certain eye, or liſtening ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wandering lord?
Thus ſhe, and good Eumæus took the word.
A private audience if thy grace impart,
The ſtranger's words may eaſe the royal heart.
His ſacred eloquence in balm diſtils,
And the ſooth'd heart with ſecret pleaſure fills.
Three days have ſpent their beams, three nights have run
Their ſilent journey, ſince his tale begun,
Unfiniſh'd yet! and yet I thirſt to hear!
As when ſome Heaven-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suſpending ſorrow with celeſtial ſtrain
Breath'd from the Gods to ſoften human pain)
Time ſteals away with unregarded wing,
And the ſoul hears him, though he ceaſe to ſing.
Ulyſſes late he ſaw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's gueſt) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er,
With boundleſs treaſure, from Theſprotia's ſhore.
To this the queen: The wanderer let me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my generous vintage down their throat.

For

For where 's an arm, like thine, Ulyſſes! ſtrong,
To curb wild riot, and to puniſh wrong?
She ſpoke. Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud;
Conſtrain'd, his noſtril echo'd through the crowd.
The ſmiling queen the happy omen bleſs'd:
"So may theſe impious fall, by fate oppreſs'd!"
Then to Eumæus: Bring the ſtranger, fly!
And if my queſtions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he ſhall retire,
A gift in ſeaſon which his wants require.
Thus ſpoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haſte, and to Ulyſſes cries:
The queen invites thee, venerable gueſt!
A ſecret inſtinct moves her troubled breaſt,
Of her long abſent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and ſoothe her ſoul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou; her grateful mind
Of decent robes a preſent has deſign'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her ſubjects ſhall ſupply.
Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words ſhall dictate, and my lips ſhall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was given,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by Heaven.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I ſtand: the hand of violence is here:
Here boundleſs wrongs the ſtarry ſkies invade,
And injur'd ſuppliants ſeek in vain for aid.
Let for a ſpace the penſive queen attend,
Nhr claim my ſtory till the ſun deſcend;

Then

Then in ſuch robes as ſuppliants may require,
Compos'd and chearful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawleſs riot ceaſe,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.
Swift to the queen returns the gentle ſwain:
And ſay, (ſhe cries) does fear, or ſhame, detain
The cautious ſtranger? With the begging kind
Shame ſuits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
He only aſks a more propitious hour,
And ſhuns (who would not?) wicked men in power;
At evening mild (meet ſeaſon to confer)
By turns to queſtion, and by turns to hear.
Whoe'er this gueſt (the prudent queen replies)
His every ſtep and every thought is wiſe:
For men like theſe on earth he ſhall not find
In all the miſcreant race of human kind.
Thus ſhe: Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the ſuitor powers deſcends;
There ſeeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whiſpers breathes the fondneſs of his heart:
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
Theſe ſons of murder thirſt thy life to take;
Oh guard it, guard it for thy ſervant's ſake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go ſeek the rural bower:
But firſt refreſh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the Gods convey.
Our life to Heaven's immortal Powers we truſt,
Safe in their care, for Heaven protects the juſt.

Obſervant of his voice, Eumæus ſate
And fed recumbent on a chair of ſtate.
Then inſtant roſe, and as he mov'd along
'Twas riot all amid the ſuitor throng,
They feaſt, they dance, and raiſe the mirthful ſong.
Till now, declining toward the cloſe of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhot his dewy ray.

THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

THE beggar Irus inſults Ulyſſes; the ſuitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worſted, and miſerably handled. Penelope deſcends, and receives the preſents of the ſuitors. The dialogue of Ulyſſes with Eurymachus.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XVIII.

WHILE fix'd in thought the penſive hero ſate,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A ſurly vagrant of the giant kind,
The ſtain of manhood, of a coward mind:
From feaſt to feaſt, inſatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:
But Irus his aſſociates call'd the boy,
Practis'd the common meſſenger to fly;
Irus, a name expreſſive of th' employ.
From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He ſtrove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence, dotard, hence! and timely ſpeed thy way,
Left dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy ſtay;
See how with nods aſſent yon princely train!
But, honouring age, in mercy I refrain;
In peace away! leſt, if perſuaſions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.
To whom, with ſtern regard: Oh inſolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!

What bounty gives, without a rival ſhare;
I aſk, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canſt thou envy when the great relieve?
Know, from the bounteous Heavens all riches flow,
And what man gives, the Gods by man beſtow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Leſt I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, ſhould once my fury burn,
How would'ſt thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?
Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue ſo flippant, with a throat ſo wide!
Why ceaſe I, Gods! to daſh thoſe teeth away,
Like ſome vile boar's, that, greedy of his prey,
Uproots the bearded corn? Riſe, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!
Thus in a wordy war their tongues diſplay
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and, in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the ſuitor-train:
This happy day in mirth, my friends, employ,
And, lo! the Gods conſpire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon ſurly mendicants contentious ſtand;
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they ſpring
Swift from their ſeats, and thickening form a ring.
To whom Antinous: Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (taſteful food)

On

On glowing embers lie; on him beſtow
The choiceſt portion who ſubdues his foe;
Grant him unrival'd in theſe walls to ſtay,
The ſole attendant on the genial day.
The lords applaud: Ulyſſes then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, diſguis'd his dauntleſs heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,
Say, is it baſeneſs to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!
Yet, fearful of diſgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But ſwear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to ſtand neutral, while we cope in fight.
The peers aſſent: when ſtraight his ſacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and ſternly ſaid:
Stranger, if prompted to chaſtiſe the wrong
Of this bold inſolent; confide, be ſtrong!
Th' injurious Greek, that dares attempt a blow,
That inſtant makes Telemachus his foe;
And theſe my friends* ſhall guard the ſacred ties
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.
Then, girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees, like well-turn'd columns, riſe:
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong
(Attendant on her chief): the ſuitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing ſpeak aloud;

* Antinous and Eurymachus.

Irus! alas! ſhall Irus be no more?
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchleſs ſtrength proclaim,
Swell o'er his well-ſtrung limbs, and brace his frame!
Then, pale with fears, and ſickening at the ſight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;
From his blank viſage fled the coward blood,
And his fleſh trembled as aghaſt he ſtood.
Oh, that ſuch baſeneſs ſhould diſgrace the light!
O hide it, Death, in everlaſting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vigorous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-conteſted day:
Inſtant thou ſail'ſt, to Echetus reſign'd;
A tyrant, fierceſt of the tyrant-kind,
Who caſts thy mangled ears and noſe a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.
While with indignant ſcorn he ſternly ſpoke,
In every joint the trembling Irus ſhook;
Now front to front each frowning champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his adverſe hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the ſhades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,
Or ſave his life; and ſoon his life to ſave
The king reſolves, for Mercy ſways the brave.
That inſtant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on the ſhoulder the rude weight deſcends;
The ſage Ulyſſes, fearful to diſcloſe
The hero latent in the man of woes,

Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,
His jaw-bone dash'd, the crashing jaw-bone smoke:
Down dropp'd he stupid from the stunning wound;
His feet, extended, quivering beat the ground;
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood:
His teeth, all shatter'd, rush immix'd with blood.
The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies;
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcase trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls:
Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:
There, terrible, affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the befitted train!
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,
Lest Heaven in vengeance send some mightier foe.
Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung
The broad-patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung
Ill-join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
Then, turning short, disdain'd a further stay;
But to the palace measur'd back the way.
There as he rested, gathering in a ring
The peers with smiles address'd their unknown king:
Stranger, may Jove and all th' aërial Powers,
With every blessing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe:
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing
To Echetus, the monster of a king.

While

While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the ſoed,
A kid's well-fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from canifters of ſhining mold
Amphinous; and wines that laugh in gold:
And, oh! (he mildly cries) may Heaven diſplay
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and ſtings of care.

To whom with thought mature the king replies:
The tongue ſpeaks wiſely, when the ſoul is wiſe;
Such was thy father! in imperial ſtate,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the ſire art thou; the ſon, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!
Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Moſt vain is man! calamitous by birth;
To-day, with power elate, in ſtrength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power preſumes:
Anon from Heaven a ſad reverſe he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainſt Heaven the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe;
Too high when proſperous, when diſtreſs'd too low.
There was a day, when with the ſcornful great
I ſwell'd in pomp and arrogance of ſtate;
Proud of the power that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that power to juſtify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the beſt humbly, and the worſt reſign'd;
Be dumb when Heaven afflicts! unlike yon train
Of haughty ſpoilers, inſolently vain;

Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey;
But vengeance and Ulyſſes wing their way.
Oh may'ſt thou, favour'd by ſome guardian Power,
Far, far be diſtant in that deathful hour!
For ſure I am, if ſtern Ulyſſes breathe,
Theſe lawleſs riots end in blood and death.
Then to the Gods the roſy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief reſtores.
Stung to the ſoul, o'ercaſt with holy dread,
He ſhook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foreſtalls;
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,
For Pallas ſeals his doom: all ſad he turns
To join the peers; reſumes his throne, and mourns.
Meanwhile Minerva with inſtinctive fires
Thy ſoul, Penelope, from Heaven inſpires:
With flattering hopes the ſuitors to betray,
And ſeem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day:
Thy huſband's wonder, and thy ſon's, to raiſe;
And crown the mother and the wife with praiſe.
Then, while the ſtreaming ſorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a tranſient ſmile the matron cries:
Eurynomè! to go where riot reigns
I feel an impulſe, though my ſoul diſdains;
To my lov'd ſon the ſnares of death to ſhow,
And in the traitor-friend unmaſk the foe;
Who, ſmooth of tongue, in purpoſe inſincere,
Hides fraud in ſmiles, while death is ambuſh'd there.
Go, warn thy ſon, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the ſageſt of the royal train)

But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd, deſcend;
Powerful of charms, bid every grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears a-while ſuppreſs;
Tears but indulge the ſorrow, not repreſs.
Some joy remains: to thee a ſon is given,
Such as, in fondneſs, parents aſk of Heaven.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care;
No more I bathe, ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe.
The day that bore Ulyſſes from this coaſt,
Blaſted the little bloom theſe cheeks could boaſt.
But inſtant bid Autonoè deſcend,
Inſtant Hippodamè our ſteps attend;
Ill ſuits it female virtue to be ſeen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then, while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heaven Minerva ſhoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her ſenſes, as the couch ſhe preſs'd,
She pours a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt,
With every beauty every feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights-up all her charms,
In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts! to kindle ſoft deſires)
From limb to limb an air majeſtic ſheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her boſom ſpreads.
Such Venus ſhines, when with a meaſur'd bound
She ſmoothly gliding ſwims th' harmonious round
When with the Graces in the dance ſhe moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.

Then

Then to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damſel-train deſcends;
Wak'd at their ſteps, her flowing eyes uncloſe;
The tear ſhe wipes, and thus renews her woes:
Howe'er 'tis well; that ſleep a-while can free,
With ſoft forgetfulneſs, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it giv'n to yield this tranſient breath,
Send, O Diana, ſend the ſleep of death:
Why muſt I waſte a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the ſilent grave my cares?
O my Ulyſſes! ever-honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, till death diſſolves my frame.
Thus wailing, ſlow and ſadly ſhe deſcends,
On either hand a damſel-train attends:
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers ſhe ſtands;
A vail, tranſlucent o'er her brow diſplay'd,
Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems, to ſhade:
Sudden ſhe lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And ſudden flames in every boſom riſe;
They ſend their eager ſouls with every look,
Till ſilence thus th' imperial matron broke:
Oh why! my ſon, why now no more appears
That warmth of ſoul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in ſtature, ſtill a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably ſtrong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero ſprung:
But the juſt Gods in vain thoſe gifts beſtow,
Oh wiſe alone in form, and brave in ſhow!

Heaven's

Heavens! could a ſtranger feel oppreſſion's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'ſt thou tamely ſtand?
If thou the ſtranger's righteous cauſe decline,
His is the ſufferance, but the ſhame is thine.

To whom, with filial awe, the prince returns:
That generous ſoul with juſt reſentment burns;
Yet, taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
For others' good, and melt at others' woe:
But, impotent theſe riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, though my ſoul rebel:
Helpleſs amid the ſnares of death I tread,
And numbers leagued in impious union dread;
But now no crime is their's: this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
Oh would to Jove! or her whoſe arms diſplay
The ſhield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon proud ſuitors, who licentious tread
Theſe courts, within theſe courts like Irus bled:
Whoſe looſe head tottering, as with wine oppreſs'd,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breaſt;
Powerleſs to move, his ſtaggering feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the queen Eurymachus replies:
Oh juſtly lov'd, and not more fair than wiſe!
Should Greece through all her hundred ſtates ſurvey
Thy finiſh'd charms, all Greece would own thy ſway;
In rival crouds conteſt the glorious prize,
Diſpeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! lovelieſt of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and compleat in mind!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

By precious gifts the vow ſincere diſplay:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.
Well-pleas'd Ulyſſes hears his queen deceive
The ſuitor train, and raiſe a thirſt to give:
Falſe hopes ſhe kindles, but thoſe hopes betray,
And promiſe, yet elude, the bridal day.
While yet ſhe ſpeaks, the gay Antinous cries:
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wiſe!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And cuſtom bids thee without ſhame receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,
Till Hymen lights the torch of ſpouſal love.
The peers diſpatch their heralds, to convey
The gifts of love; with ſpeed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of ſhining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confuſion riſe
Rich from the artiſts hand! Twelve claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſening loins the veſt infold;
Down from the ſwelling waiſt the veſt unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That ſhot effulgence like the ſolar ray,
Eurymachus preſents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple ſtars, that caſt a trembling light.
Piſander bears a necklace wrought with art:
And every peer, expreſſive of his heart,
A gift beſtows: this done, the queen aſcends,
And ſlow behind her damſel train attends.
Then to the dance they form the vocal ſtrain,
Till Heſperus leads forth the ſtarry train;

And

And now he raiſes, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deepening ſhades:
Three vaſes heap'd with copious fires diſplay
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;
From ſpace to ſpace the torch wide-beaming burns,
And ſprightly damſels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill ſuits your ſex to ſtay
Alone with men! ye modeſt maids, away!
Go, with the queen the ſpindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the ſilver wool;
Be it my taſk the torches to ſupply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the ſky;
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepleſs I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho from the loins of Dolius ſprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the ſoft fondneſs of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardleſs of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys ſhe ſhares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus! With eyes
That ſpeak diſdain the wanton thus replies:
Oh! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd brain
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or ſhun in ſome black forge the midnight air.
Proceeds this boldneſs from a turn of ſoul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquiſh'd Irus ſwells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,

Who, ſhortening with a ſtorm of blows thy ſtay,
Shall ſend thee howling all in blood away!
To whom with frowns: O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord ſhall curb that inſolence of tongue;
Know, to Telemachus I tell th' offence;
The ſcourge, the ſcourge ſhall laſh thee into ſenſe.
With conſcious ſhame they hear the ſtern rebuke,
Nor longer durſt ſuſtain the ſovereign look.
Then to the ſervile taſk the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: meanwhile, in muſeful mood
Abſorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he ſtood.
And now, the Martial Maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouze Ulyſſes, points the ſuitors tongues,
Scornful of age to taunt the virtuous man;
Thoughtleſs and gay, Eurymachus began:
Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some God, no doubt, this ſtranger kindly ſends;
The ſhining baldneſs of his head ſurvey,
It aids our torch-light and reflects the ray.—
Then to the king that level'd haughty Troy,
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Thoſe hands in work; to tend the rural trade,
To dreſs the walk, and form th' embowering ſhade?
So food and raiment conſtant will I give:
But idly thus thy ſoul prefers to live,
And ſtarve by ſtrolling, not by work to thrive.
To whom incens'd: Should we, O prince, engage
In rival taſks beneath the burning rage
Of ſummer ſuns; were both conſtrain'd to wield,
Foodleſs, the ſcythe along the burthen'd field;

Or

Or should we labour, while the ploughshare wounds
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds:
Beneath my labours how thy wondering eyes
Might see the sable field at once arise!
Should Jove dire war unlook; with spear and shield,
And nodding helm, I tread th' enflamm'd field,
Fierce in the van: then would'st thou, would'st thou say,
—say,—
Misname me, glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.
Proud to seem brave among a coward train!
But know thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! should the stern Ulysses rule in might,
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight.
While yet he speaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flashing from his eyes:
Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong!
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverent to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps these outrages from Irus flow,
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe!
He said, and with full force a footstool threw;
Whirl'd from his arm, with erring rage it flew;
Ulysses, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound,
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the ſky,
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry:
Oh! had this ſtranger ſunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkneſs and of death,
Ere yet he trod theſe ſhores! to ſtrife he draws
Peer againſt peer; and what the weighty cauſe?
A vagabond! for him the great deſtroy,
In vile ignoble jars, the feaſt of joy.
To whom the ſtern Telemachus uproſe:
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?
Whence this unguarded openneſs of ſoul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or Heaven deluſion ſends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.
Silent, abaſh'd, they hear the ſtern rebuke,
Till thus Amphinomus the ſilence broke:
True are his words, and he whom truth offends
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, or the ſpotleſs maid;
Retire we hence, but crown with roſy wine
The flowing goblet to the Powers divine:
Guard he his gueſt beneath whoſe roof he ſtands,
This juſtice, this the ſocial rite demands.
The peers aſſent; the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer ſucceſſive his libation pours
To the bleſt Gods who fill th' aërial bowers;
Then, ſwill'd with wine, with noiſe the crouds obey,
And ruſhing forth tumultuous reel away.

THE

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

ULYSSES and his ſon remove the weapons out of the armoury. Ulyſſes, in converſation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then aſſures her he had formerly entertained her huſband in Crete; and deſcribes exactly his perſon and dreſs, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Theſprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who diſcovers him to be Ulyſſes by the ſcar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnaſſus. The poet inſerts a digreſſion, relating that accident, with all its particulars.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XIX.

CONSULTING ſecret with the blue-ey'd Maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulyſſes ſtay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breaſt;
And thus the ſon the fervent fire addreſs'd:
Inſtant convey thoſe ſteelly ſtores of war
To diſtant rooms, diſpos'd with ſecret care:
The cauſe demanded by the ſuitor-train,
To ſoothe their fears, a ſpecious reaſon feign:
Say, ſince Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt,
Obſcene with ſmoke, their beamy luſtre loſt,
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggeſt, that Jove the peaceful thought inſpir'd,
Left, they by ſight of ſwords to fury fir'd,
Diſhoneſt wounds, or violence of ſoul,
Defame the bridal feaſt and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the ſage command,
To Euryclea thus: The female band
In their apartments keep; ſecure the doors:
Theſe ſwarthy arms among the covert ſtores
Are ſeemlier hid; my thoughtleſs youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the ſmouldering flame.

In happy hour (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wiſe!
Inſpect with ſharpen'd ſight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?
Without infringing hoſpitable right,
This gueſt (he cried) ſhall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repaſt;
They ſhare the meal that earn it ere they taſte.
He ſaid; from female ken ſhe ſtraight ſecures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his ſon, Ulyſſes bears
The plumy-creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
With ſhields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewleſs on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends;
Not ſuch the ſickly beams, which, unſincere,
Gild the croſs vapour of this nether ſphere!
A preſent deity the prince confeſs'd,
And rapt with extacy the fire addreſs'd:
What miracle thus dazzles with ſurprize!
Diſtinct in rows the radiant columns riſe:
The walls, where'er my wondering ſight I turn,
And roofs, amidſt a blaze of glory burn!
Some viſitant of pure ethereal race,
With his bright preſence deigns the dome to grace.
Be calm, replies the ſire, to none impart,
But oft revolve the viſion in thy heart:
Celeſtials, mantled in exceſs of light,
Can viſit unapproach'd by mortal ſight.

Seek thou repoſe; whilſt here I ſole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The penſive queen, perchance, deſires to know
The ſeries of my toils, to ſooth her woe.
With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obſequious youth aſcends:
Soft ſlumberous ſhades his drooping eye-lids cloſe,
Till on her eaſtern throne Aurora glows.
Whilſt, forming plans of death, Ulyſſes ſtay'd
In council ſecret with the Martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, deſcending from her bower of ſtate.
Her cheeks the warmer bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air.
An ivory ſeat with ſilver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With ivory ſilver'd-thick the foot-ſtool ſhone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The ſovereign ſeat with graceful air ſhe preſs'd;
To different taſks their toil the nymphs addreſs'd:
The golden goblets ſome, and ſome reſtor'd
From ſtains of luxury the poliſh'd board:
Theſe to remove th' expiring embers came,
While thoſe with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of ſpleen:
Avaunt, ſhe cry'd, offenſive to my ſight!
Deem not in ambuſh here to lurk by night,
Into the woman-ſtate aſquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an evening ſpy!

Vagrant, be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wav'd it hiſſing in her hand.
Th' inſulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why ſo turbulent of ſoul? he cries;
Can theſe lean ſhrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
Theſe poor but honeſt rags, enkindle rage?
In crouds we wear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from ſuperior ſtate!
Conſtrain'd a rent-charge on the rich I live;
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:
A palace, wealth, and ſlaves, I late poſſeſs'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bleſs'd:
My gate, an emblem of my open ſoul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the ſad reverſe, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyſelf exempt: that roſy prime
Muſt ſhare the general doom of withering time:
To ſome new channel ſoon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy towering pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wiſdom to beware:
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;
Your deeds with quick impartial eye ſurveys,
Potent to puniſh what he cannot praiſe.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the ſovereign's ear;
Loquacious inſolent! ſhe cries, forbear:
To thee the purpoſe of my ſoul I told;
Venial diſcourſe, unblam'd, with him to hold:
The ſtoried labours of my wandering lord,
To ſoothe my grief he haply may record:

Yet

Let him, my gueſt, thy venom'd rage hath ſtung:
Thy head ſhall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!
But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the ſtranger-friend:
A ſeat, ſoft ſpread with furry ſpoils, prepare;
Due-diſtant, for us both to ſpeak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haſte:
A ſeat adorn'd with furry ſpoils ſhe plac'd:
Due-diſtant for diſcourſe the hero ſate;
When thus the ſovereign from her chair of ſtate:
Reveal, obſequious to my firſt demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.
He thus: O queen! whoſe far reſounding fame
Is bounded only by the ſtarry frame;
Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway,
Whoſe pious rule a warlike race obey!
In wavy gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppreſs'd;
With flocks and herds each graſſy plain is ſtor'd;
And fiſh of every fin thy ſeas afford;
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confeſs,
And bleſs the Power that ſtill delights to bleſs.
Gracious permit this prayer, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breaſt to heave, theſe eyes to weep;
In ſweet oblivion let my ſorrow ſleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay cenſorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.
Their gifts the Gods reſum'd (the queen rejoin'd)
Exterior grace, and energy of mind:

When

When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone would raiſe
My drooping verdure, and extend my praiſe!
Peers from the diſtant Samian ſhore reſort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, beſiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-ſhady groves,
And Ithaca, preſumptuous boaſt their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a ſecond lord,
They preſs the Hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Miſ-rule thus mingling with domeſtic cares,
I live regardleſs of my ſtate-affairs:
Receive no ſtranger-gueſt, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in ſecret grieve!—
This art, inſtinct by ſome celeſtial Power,
I try'd, eluſive of the bridal hour:
"Ye peers, I cry, who preſs to gain a heart,
"Where dead Ulyſſes claims no future part;
"Rebate your loves, each rival ſuit ſuſpend,
"Till this funereal web my labours end:
"Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
"A pall of ſtate, the ornament of death.
"For when to Fate he bows, each Grecian dame
"With juſt reproach were licens'd to defame;
"Should he, long honour'd in ſupreme command,
"Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand."
The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long eluded;
The night ſtill ravel'd what the day renew'd,
Three years ſucceſsful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:

Betrayed

Befriended by my own domeſtic ſpies,
The woof unwrought the ſuitor-train ſurprize.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falſify the breed.
My anxious parents urge a ſpeedy choice,
And to their ſuffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores—
But, ſtranger! as thy days ſeem full of fate,
Divide diſcourſe, in turn thy birth relate:
Thy port aſſerts thee of diſtinguiſh'd race:
No poor unfather'd product of diſgrace.
Princeſs! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land
Of ſecret grief unſeals the fruitful ſource;
And tears repeat their long-forgotten courſe!
So pays the wretch whom Fate conſtrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!—
But inward on my ſoul let ſorrow prey,
Your ſovereign will my duty bids obey.
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful ſoil!
And ninety cities crown the ſea-born iſle:
Mix'd with her genuine ſons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims;
Cydonians dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelaſgi boaſt a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians ſhare;
Cnoſſus, her capital of high command,
Where ſcepter'd Minos with impartial hand

Divided

Divided right; each ninth revolving year
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.
His ſon Deucalion bore ſucceſſive ſway;
His ſon, who gave me firſt to view the day!
The royal bed an elder iſſue bleſt,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields atteſt
Of matchleſs deeds: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native iſle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulyſſes came;
For elemental war, and wintery Jove,
From Malea's guſty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the ſhelfy coaſt
Where loud Amniſus in the deep is loſt.
His veſſels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero ſpeeded to the Cnoſſian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find,
In leagues of long commutual friendſhip join'd.
Vain hope! ten ſuns had warm'd the weſtern ſtrand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had ſail'd for Troy: but to the genial feaſt
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal gueſt:
Beeves for his train the Cnoſſian peers aſſign
A public treat, with jars of generous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aërial ſpace,
My hoſpitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And, when the north had ceas'd the ſtormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian ſhore.
Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair ſimilitude of truth beguiles

queen's attentive ear: diſſolv'd in woe,
n her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
ſnows collected on the mountain freeze,
en milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,
: fleecy pile obeys the whiſpering gales,
s in a ſtream, and murmurs through the vales:
melted with the pleaſing tale he told,
m her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
to her preſent lord laments him loſt,
l views that object which ſhe wants the moſt!
hering at heart to ſee the weeping fair,
eyes look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare;
horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear,
globes of iron fix'd in either ſphere;
n wiſdom interdicts the ſoftening tear.
eechleſs interval of grief enſues,
thus the queen the tender theme renews:
ranger! that e'er thy hoſpitable roof
ſes grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
neate to my view my warlike lord,
form, his habit, and his train record.
'is hard, he cries, to bring to ſudden ſight
s that have wing'd their diſtant flight;
: on the mind thoſe images are trac'd,
oſe footſteps twenty winters have defac'd:
what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
)be of military purple flow'd
all his frame: illuſtrious on his breaſt
double-claſping gold the king confeſt.
ie rich woof a hound, Moſaic-drawn,
: on full-ſtretch, and ſeiz'd a dappled fawn;

Deep

Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant, and ſtruggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it ſhone
A veſt, that dazzled like a cloudleſs ſun:
The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In ſilent wonder ſigh'd unwilling praiſe.
A ſabre, when the warriour preſs'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant veſt,
Dimenſion'd equal to his ſize, expreſs'd
Affection grateful to my honour'd gueſt.
A favourite herald in his train I knew,
His viſage ſolemn ſad, of ſable hue:
Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-ſhoulder ſpread;
Eurybates! in whoſe large ſoul alone
Ulyſſes view'd an image of his own.
His ſpeech the tempeſt of her grief reſtor'd,
In all he told ſhe recogniz'd her lord,
But when the ſtorm was ſpent in plenteous ſhowers;
A pauſe inſpiriting her languiſh'd powers:
Oh! thou, ſhe cry'd, whom firſt inclement fate
Made welcome to my hoſpitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor ſhall end:
Henceforth live honour'd, my domeſtic friend!
The veſt much envy'd on your native coaſt,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboſs'd,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this bliſsful bower enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to ſurvive, and never to return!

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondneſs of your ſoul reprove
For ſuch a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear bleſſing of a fair increaſe;
Himſelf adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I ſpeak, the mighty woe ſuſpend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleaſing truth attend.
The royal object of your deareſt care
Breathes in no diſtant clime the vital air:
In rich Theſprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Theſſaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly ſhore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a ſumleſs ſtore!
His ſacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of Day,
Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' juſt decree,
To periſh in the rough Trinacrian ſea.
To better Fate the blameleſs chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the ſtorm; till, by the billows toſt,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coaſt.
That race, who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their bleſt abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready ſail command,
To ſpeed his voyage to the Grecian ſtrand.
But your wife lords (in whoſe capacious ſoul
High ſchemes of power in juſt ſucceſſion roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from favouring Fate,
Till copious wealth might guard his regal ſtate.

Phedon the fact affirm'd, whose sovereign sway
Thesprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the Gods this added truth attest,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast)
That anchor'd in his port the vessel stand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the watery way,
But first the Ulyssean wealth survey:
So rich the value of a store so vast
Demands the pomp of centuries to waste!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the sure precept of the sylvan shrine,
To form the conduct of his great design:
Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd
In dark disguise, or come a king avow'd?
Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the source of good, supreme in power!
By the blest genius of this friendly bower!
I ratify my speech; before the sun
His annual longitude of Heaven shall run;
When the pale empress of yon starry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulysses will assert his rightful reign.
What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time shall prove the storied blessing true:
My lord's return should fate no more retard,
Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.
But my prophetic fears, alas! presage,
The wounds of Destiny's relentless rage.

I long muſt weep, nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!—
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare:
With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-riſing early with the purple morn,
His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feaſtful bower. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours with good the ſcanty round to grace.
Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life the mutter'd curſe purſues;
By death diſrob'd of all their ſavage powers,
Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whoſe in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle ſoul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuſe his fame,
And diſtant tongues extol the patron-name.
Princeſs, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd and obſtinate in woe,
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew;

Theſe tatter'd weeds (my decent robe reſign'd)
I choſe the livery of a woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With ſplendid palls, and canopies of ſtate:
Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of ſleep I ſcorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To waſh a wretched wanderer would diſdain;
But if, in track of long experience try'd,
And ſad ſimilitude of woes ally'd,
Some wretch reluctant views aërial light,
To her mean hand aſſign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wiſe reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gentle manners, and ſo ſage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hoſpitable bower
I ne'er diſcern'd, before this ſocial hour.
Such ſervant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my deſires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth ſuſtain'd
Of matchleſs prudence, and a duteous mind;
Though now to life's extremeſt verge declin'd
Of ſtrength ſuperior to the toil aſſign'd.—
Riſe, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleanſing bath prepare:
This debt his correſpondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulyſſes, and perhaps the ſame!
Thus, old with woes, my fancy paints him now;
For age untimely marks the careful brow!
Inſtant, obſequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea roſe: with trembling hand

She

She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies:
Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed and pure devotion paid?
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:
There oft implor'd his tutelary power,
Long to protract the ſad ſepulchral hour;
That, form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recogniſe an equal heir.
Oh deſtin'd head! The pious vows are loſt;
His God forgets him on a foreign coaſt!—
Perhaps, like thee, poor gueſt! in wanton pride
The rich inſult him, and the young deride!
Conſcious of worth revil'd, thy generous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's command,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſs'd:
Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None imag'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
Thus half diſcover'd through the dark diſguiſe,
With cool compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join your ſuffrage to the public vote;
The ſame you think, have all beholders thought.
He ſaid. Repleniſh'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The laver ſtraight with buſy care ſhe brings:

In the deep vaſe, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd;
His face averting from the cracking blaze,
His ſhoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays:
Thus cautious in th' obſcure he hop'd to fly
The curious ſearch of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd.
This on Parnaſſus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tuſky ſavage tore.
Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandſire ſent him to the ſylvan chace,
Autolycus the bold (a mighty name
For ſpotleſs faith and deeds of martial fame:
Hermes, his Patron-God, thoſe gifts beſtow'd,
Whoſe ſhrine with weanling lambs he wont to load.)
His courſe to Ithaca this hero ſped,
When the firſt product of Laertes' bed
Was new diſclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen deſcends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.
"Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;
"And name the bleſſing that your prayers have won."
Then thus the hoary chief: "My victor arms
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
"A ſure memorial of my dreaded fame
"The boy ſhall bear; Ulyſſes be his name!

"And

" And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
" To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphic dome
" With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home."
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulyſſes ſought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her ancient * lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
Inſtant he bade prepare the genial feaſt:
A ſteer to form the ſumptuous banquet bled,
Whoſe ſtately growth five flowery ſummers fed:
His ſons divide, and roaſt with artful care
The limbs; then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
Nor ceas'd diſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul)
Till Phœbus wheeling to the weſtern goal
Reſign'd the ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the ſlumberous ſhade oppreſs'd,
Sated they roſe, and all retir'd to reſt.

Soon as the morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden ſhafts the rear of night;
Ulyſſes and his brave maternal race,
The young Autolyci, aſſay the chace.
Parnaſſus, thick perplex'd with horrid ſhades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades:
What-time the ſun, from ocean's peaceful ſtream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient ſnuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce aſſail:
And, foremoſt of the train, his cornel ſpear
Ulyſſes wav'd, to rouze the ſavage war.

* Autolycus.

Deep in the rough receſſes of the wood,
A lofty copſe, the growth of ages, ſtood:
Nor winter's boreal blaſt, nor thunderous ſhower,
Nor ſolar ray, could pierce the ſhady bower,
With wither'd foliage ſtrew'd, a heapy ſtore!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.
Rouz'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
The ſavage from his leafy ſhelter flies:
With fiery glare his ſanguine eye-balls ſhine,
And briſtles high impale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poiſing his lifted lance in act to throw;
The ſavage renders vain the wound decreed,
And ſprings impetuous with opponent ſpeed!
His tuſks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aſlope they glanc'd, the ſinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulyſſes undiſmay'd,
Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;
To the right ſhoulder-joint the ſpear apply'd:
His further flank with ſtreaming purple dy'd:
On earth he ruſh'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vaſt ſurprize, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulyſſes' knee they bound;
Then, chanting myſtic lays, the cloſing wound
Of ſacred melody confeſs'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure courſe.
Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure; and from the Delphic dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.

He ſafe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chace, and early praiſe atchiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee, inſeam'd, remain'd the ſcar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th'ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her ſlack hand releas'd;
The mingled fluids from the vaſe redound;
The vaſe reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleaſing ſtrife expreſs'd
Of grief and joy, alternate in her breaſt.
Her fluttering words in melting murmurs died;
At length, abrupt—My ſon! my king!—ſhe cried.
His neck with fond embrace infolding faſt,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye ſhe caſt,
Ardent to ſpeak the monarch ſafe reſtor'd:
But ſtudious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the preſent bliſs abſtracts her thought.
His hand to Euryclea's mouth applied,
Art thou foredoom'd my peſt? the hero cried:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth ſuſtain'd?
An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual ſuns in diſtant ſkies:
At length return'd, ſome God inſpires thy breaſt
To know thy king, and here I ſtand confeſs'd.
This Heaven-diſcover'd truth to thee conſign'd,
Reſerve the treaſure of thy inmoſt mind:
Elſe, if the Gods my vengeful arm ſuſtain,
And proſtrate to my ſword the ſuitor-train,

With

With their lewd mates, thy undiſtinguiſh'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.
Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my ſon, have paſs'd thy lips ſevere!
Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd;
With ribs of ſteel, and marble heart, immur'd.
When Heaven, auſpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proſtrate to thy ſword the ſuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous ſpare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief replied;
My own experience ſhall their doom decide;
A witneſs-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.
He ſaid: obſequious, with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhauſted vaſe:
The bath renew'd, ſhe ends the pleaſing toil
With plenteous unction of ambroſial oil.
Adjuſting to his limbs the tatter'd veſt,
His former ſeat receiv'd the ſtranger gueſt;
Whom thus with penſive air the queen addreſs'd:
Though night, diſſolving grief in grateful eaſe,
Your drooping eyes with ſoft oppreſſion ſeize:
Awhile, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtic cares employ:
And unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-wakeful woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.

when the months are clad in flowery green,
'hilomel in bowery ſhades unſeen,
:rnal airs attunes her varied ſtrains;
Itylus ſounds warbling o'er the plains:
g Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
n chance miſled the mother to deſtroy:
doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.
nocturnal ſolitude forlorn,
l variety of woes I mourn!
ıind, reflective, in a thorny maze
ıus from care to care inceſſant ſtrays.
wavering doubt ſucceeds to long deſpair;
I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
joining to my ſon's my menial train,
ke his councils, and aſſiſt his reign!
ince, mature in manhood, he deplores
ome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores;
I, reluctant, to his will accord;
from the peers ſelect the nobleſt lord?
my choice avow'd, at length decide
: wafteful love-debates, a mourning bride!
ionary thought I 'll now relate;
rate, if you know, the ſhadow'd fate:
team of twenty geeſe (a ſnow-white train!)
ıear the limpid lake with golden grain,
ſe my penſive hours. The bird of Jove
e from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
favourite fowl he pounc'd with deathful ſway,
back triumphant wing'd his airy way.

My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:
With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilſt with grief and rage my boſom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the ſkies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements, he thus began:
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O Queen! no vulgar viſion of the ſky
I come, prophetic of approaching joy!
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geeſe (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the ſuitors fated to my ſword.
This ſaid, the pleaſing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When, from the downy bands of ſleep releas'd,
Faſt by the limpid lake my ſwan-like train
I found, inſatiate of the golden grain.
The viſion ſelf-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the ſanction of the ſkies:
Ulyſſes ſpeaks his own return decreed;
And by his ſword the ſuitors ſure to bleed.
Hard is the taſk, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending deſtinies in dreams to find:
Immur'd within the ſilent bower of ſleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of ivory one; whence flit, to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtic train:
The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.

No

Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom ſoar'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to his realm reſtor'd:
Deluſive ſemblance!—but my remnant life
Heaven ſhall determine in a gameful ſtrife:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the liſted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to ſix in equal ſpace:
Elanc'd afar by his unerring art,
Sure through ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the ſuitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who through the rings directs the feather'd reed.
Torn from theſe walls (where long the kinder Powers
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure paſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!
Propoſe the ſportive lot (the chief replies)
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize:
Ulyſſes will ſurprize th' unfiniſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the ſuitor's claim.
To whom, with grace ſerene, the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy ſpeech, what pleaſing force I find!
O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleaſing tale.
But Heaven, that knows what all terreſtrials need,
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:

Grateful

Grateful viciſſitude! yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd uſe enjoins; to reſt and joy
Eſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Meantime inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.
Thus affable, her bower the queen aſcends;
The ſovereign-ſtep a beauteous train attends;
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new-ſtreaming ſorrow flows:
Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

THE
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

WHILE Ulyſſes lies in the veſtibule of the palace, he is witneſs to the diſorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and caſts him aſleep. At his waking he deſires a favourable ſign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feaſt of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the ſuitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongſt them, notwithſtanding which, Ulyſſes is inſulted by Ctesippus, and the reſt continue in their exceſſes. Strange prodigies are ſeen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the deſtruction of the wooers.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XX.

AN ample hide divine Ulyſſes ſpread,
And form'd of fleecy ſkins his humble bed
(The remnants of the ſpoil the ſuitor-crowd
In feſtival devour'd, and victims vow'd).
Then o'er the chief, Eurynome the chaſte,
With duteous care, a downy carpet caſt:
With dire revenge his thoughtful boſom glows,
And, ruminating wrath, he ſcorns repoſe.
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes ſurvey;
Whilſt to nocturnal joys impure repair,
With wanton glee, the proſtituted fair.
His heart with rage this new diſhonour ſtung,
Wavering his thought in dubious balance hung!
Or, inſtant ſhould he quench the guilty flame
With their own blood, and intercept the ſhame;
Or to their luſt indulge a laſt embrace,
And let the peers conſummate the diſgrace;
Round his ſwoln heart the murmurous fury rolls;
As o'er her young the mother-maſtiff growls,
And bays the ſtranger-groom: ſo wrath compreſs'd,
Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breaſt.

Poor ſuffering heart! he cry'd, ſupport the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage reſtrain.
Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,
When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
Dire Polypheme devour'd: I then was freed,
By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
Thus anchor'd ſafe on Reaſon's peaceful coaſt
Tempeſts of wrath his ſoul no longer toſs'd;
Reſtleſs his body rolls, to rage reſign'd:
As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,
The ſavory cates on glowing embers caſt
Inceſſant turns, impatient for repaſt;
Ulyſſes ſo, from ſide to ſide devolv'd,
In ſelf-debate the ſuitors' doom reſolv'd.
When, in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From Heaven deſcends the Jove-born Martial Maid
And hovering o'er his head in view confeſs'd,
The Goddeſs thus her favourite care addreſs'd:
O thou, of mortals moſt inur'd to woes!
Why roll thoſe eyes unfriended of repoſe?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Bleſs'd in thy queen! bleſs'd in thy blooming heir
Whom, to the Gods when ſuppliant fathers bow,
They name the ſtandard of their deareſt vow.
Juſt is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd);
Deeds full of fate diſtract my various mind
In contemplation wrapp'd. This hoſtile crew
What ſingle arm hath proweſs to ſubdue?
Or if, by Jove's and thy auxiliar aid,
They 're doom'd to bleed; Oh! ſay, celeſtial Ma

Where ſhall Ulyſſes ſhun, or how ſuſtain,
Nations embattled to revenge the ſlain?
Oh, impotence of faith! Minerva cries,
If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? Lo! Pallas' ſelf deſcends,
Inſpires thy counſels, and thy toils attends.
In me affianc'd, fortify thy breaſt,
Though myriads leagued thy rightful claim conteſt:
My ſure divinity ſhall bear the ſhield,
And edge thy ſword to reap the glorious field.
Now pay the debt to craving nature due,
Her faded powers with balmy reſt renew.
She ceas'd. Ambroſial ſlumbers ſeal his eyes;
His care diſſolves in viſionary joys:
The Goddeſs, pleas'd, regains her natal ſkies.
Not ſo the queen: the downy bands of ſleep
By grief relax'd, ſhe wak'd again to weep:
A gloomy pauſe enſued of dumb deſpair;
Then thus her fate invok'd, with fervent prayer:
Diana! ſpeed thy deathful ebon-dart,
And cure the pangs of this convulſive heart.
Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,
Toſs'd through the void illimitable ſpace:
Or, if diſmounted from the rapid cloud,
Me with his whelming wave let Ocean ſhroud!
So, Pandarus, thy hopes, three orphan-fair,
Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;
Thyſelf untimely and thy conſort dy'd,
But four celeſtials both your cares ſupply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:

Imperial Juno to their youth aſſign'd
A form majeſtic, and ſagacious mind:
With ſhapely growth Diana grac'd the bloom;
And Pallas taught the texture of the loom.
But whilſt, to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright Cytherea ſought the bower of Jove
(The God ſupreme, to whoſe eternal eye
The regiſters of Fate expanded lie;)
Wing'd harpies ſnatch'd th' unguarded charge aw
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be ſuch my lot! Or thou, Diana, ſpeed
Thy ſhaft, and ſend me joyful to the dead;
To ſeek my lord among the warriour-train,
Ere ſecond vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking ſenſe alone aſſail;
Whilſt night extends her ſoft oblivious veil,
Of other wretches care the torture ends;
No truce the warfare of my heart ſuſpends!
The night renews the day-diſtracting theme,
And airy terrors fable every dream.
The laſt alone a kind illuſion wrought,
And to my bed my lov'd Ulyſſes brought
In manly bloom, and each majeſtic grace,
As when for Troy he left my fond embrace;
Such raptures in my beating boſom riſe,
I deem it ſure a viſion of the ſkies.
Thus, whilſt Aurora mounts her purple thron
In audible laments ſhe breathes her moan;
The ſounds aſſault Ulyſſes' wakeful ear:
Miſ-judging of the cauſe, a ſudden fear

rival known, the chief alarms;
the queen is rushing to his arms.
ging from his couch, with active haste
: and carpet in the dome he plac'd
e, without, imbib'd the morning air);
the Gods invok'd, with ardent prayer:
nd ethereal thrones! with heaven to friend,
g series of my woes shall end,
a race now rising from repose
blissful omen here disclose;
confirm my faith, propitious Jove,
: the sanction of a sign above!
lowly thus the chief adoring bows,
ng God his guardian aid avows.
n a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
nging hope the hero's heart rebounds.
th consummate joy to crown his prayer,
'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.
pile, that close the dome adjoin'd,
emale slaves the gift of Ceres grind;
r the royal board to bolt the bran
pure flour (the growth and strength of man),
ng to the day the labour due,
to repose the rest withdrew;
, unequal to the task assign'd,
'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
in bitterness of soul divin'd:
of Gods and men; whose thunders roll
cerulean vault, and shake the pole;
from Heaven has gain'd this rare ostent
ted vows a certain signal sent)

In this bleſt moment of accepted prayer,
Piteous, regard a wretch conſum'd with care!
Inſtant, O Jove! confound the ſuitor-train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers caſt,
And be this feſtival decreed their laſt!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and ſky,
Ulyſſes' heart dilates with ſecret joy.
Meantime the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, Vulcanian food:
When, early dreſs'd, advanc'd the royal heir:
With manly graſp he wav'd a martial ſpear,
A radiant ſabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden ſandal ſhone.
His ſteps impetuous to the portal preſs'd,
And Euryclea thus he there addreſs'd:

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes
Was care for due refection and repoſe
Beſtow'd the ſtranger-gueſt? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?
Promiſcuous grace on all the queen confers
(In woes bewilder'd, oft' the wiſeſt errs).
The wordy vagrant to the dole aſpires,
And modeſt worth with noble ſcorn retires.

She thus: Oh! ceaſe that ever honour'd name
To blemiſh now; it ill deſerves your blame:
A bowl of generous wine ſuffic'd the gueſt;
In vain the queen the night-refection preſs'd;
Nor would he court repoſe in downy ſtate,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the rage of Fate!

A hide beneath the portico was ſpread,
And fleecy ſkins compos'd an humble bed:
A downy carpet, caſt with duteous care,
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.
His cornel javelin pois'd with regal port,
To the ſage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth iſſuing from the dome the prince repair'd;
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
Behind him ſourly ſtalk'd. Without delay
The dame divides the labour of the day;
Thus urging to the toil the menial train.
What marks of luxury the marble ſtain!
Its wonted luſtre let the floor regain;
The ſeats with purple clothe in order due;
And let th' abſterſive ſponge the board renew:
Let ſome refreſh the vaſe's ſullied mold;
Some bid the goblets boaſt their native gold:
Some to the ſpring, with each a jar, repair,
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
Diſpatch! for ſoon the ſuitors will aſſay
The lunar feaſt-rites to the God of day.
She ſaid; with duteous haſte a bevy fair
Of twenty virgins to the ſpring repair:
With varied toils the reſt adorn the dome.
Magnificent, and blithe, the ſuitors come.
Some wield the ſounding ax; the dodder'd oaks
Divide, obedient to the forceful ſtrokes.
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
(Eumæus in their train) the maids return.
Three porkers for the feaſt, all brawny-chin'd,
He brought; the choiceſt of the tuſky kind.

In lodgements firſt ſecure his care he view'd;
Then to the king his friendly ſpeech renew'd:
Now ſay ſincere, my gueſt! the ſuitor train
Still treat they worth with lordly dull diſdain;
Or ſpeaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?
Some pitying God (Ulyſſes ſad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blaſt their towering pride!
No conſcious bluſh, no ſenſe of right, reſtrains
The tides of luſt that ſwell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are toſs'd,
All cheaply ſated at another's coſt!
While thus the chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, maſter of the bearded fold,
The goodlieſt goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the ſuitors' feaſt preferr'd:
Two grooms aſſiſtant bore the victims bound;
With quavering cries the vaulted roofs reſound:
And to the chief auſtere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man:
Here, vagrant, ſtill? offenſive to my lords!
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Theſe arguments I'll uſe: nor conſcious ſhame,
Nor threats, thy bold intruſion will reclaim.
On this high feaſt the meaneſt vulgar boaſt
A plenteous board! Hence! ſeek another hoſt!
Rejoinder to the churl the king diſdain'd;
But ſhook his head, and riſing wrath reſtrain'd.
From Cephalenia croſs the ſurgy main
Philætius late arriv'd, a faithful ſwain.
A ſteer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race:

Imported

Imported in a ſhallop not his own:
The dome re-echoed to their mingled moan.
Straight to the guardian of the briſtly kind
He thus began, benevolent of mind:
What gueſt is he, of ſuch majeſtic air?
His lineage and paternal clime declare:
Dim through th' eclipſe of Fate, the rays divine
Of ſovereign ſtate with faded ſplendour ſhine.
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
To what abyſs are we foredoom'd to go!
Then affable he thus the chief addreſs'd;
Whilſt with pathetic warmth his hand he preſs'd:
Stranger! may Fate a milder aſpect ſhow,
And ſpin thy future with a whiter clue!
O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The Tyrant, not the Father of the ſkies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began!
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care,
The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.
Ulyſſes from his ſtate a wanderer ſtill,
Upbraids thy power, thy wiſdom, or thy will:
O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—
Freſh flow my tears, and ſhall for ever flow!
Like thee, poor ſtranger-gueſt, denied his home!
Like thee, in rags obſcene, decreed to roam!
Or, haply periſh'd on ſome diſtant coaſt,
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
Oh! grateful for the good his bounty gave,
I'll grieve, till ſorrow ſink me to the grave!

His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,
The regent of his Cephalenian herd:
With vaſt increaſe beneath my care it ſpreads,
A ſtately breed! and blackens far the meads.
Conſtrain'd, the choiceſt beeves I thence import
To cram theſe cormorants that crowd his court:
Who in partition ſeek his realm to ſhare;
Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.
Since here reſolv'd oppreſſive theſe reſide,
Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:
Now to ſome foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
And with the royal herd protection buy:
Then happier thoughts return the nodding ſcale,
Light mounts deſpair, alternate hopes prevail:
In opening proſpects of ideal joy,
My king returns; the proud uſurpers die.
To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind
Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
Attend a deed already ripe in Fate;
Atteſt, O Jove, the truth I now relate!
This ſacred truth atteſt each genial Power,
Who bleſs the board, and guard this friendly bower!
Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
Thy wiſh produc'd in act, with pleas'd ſurvey,
Thy wondering eyes ſhall view: his rightful reign
By arms avow'd Ulyſſes ſhall regain,
And to the ſhades devote the ſuitor train.
O Jove ſupreme! the raptur'd ſwain replies,
With deed conſummate ſoon the promis'd joys!
Theſe aged nerves, with new-born vigour ſtrung,
In that bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young—

Aſſents

Aſſents Eumæus to the prayer addreſs'd:
And equal ardors fire his loyal breaſt.
Meantime the ſuitors urge the prince's fate,
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When, in his airy tour, the bird of Jove
Truſs'd with his ſinewy pounce a trembling dove;
Siniſter to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus preſaging cry'd:
The Gods from force and fraud the prince defend;
O peers! the ſanguinary ſcheme ſuſpend:
Your future thought let fable Fate employ;
And give the preſent hour to genial joy.
From council ſtraight th' aſſenting peerage roſe'd,
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feaſt.
Diſ-rob'd their veſts apart in order lay,
Then all with ſpeed ſuccinct the victims ſlay:
With ſheep and ſhaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was on the marble ſpread.
With fire prepar'd, they deal the morſels round,
Wine roſy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By ſage Eumæus borne: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar ſupplied:
High caniſters of bread Philœtius plac'd;
And eager all devour the rich repaſt.
Diſpos'd apart, Ulyſſes ſhares the treat:
A trivet-table, and ignobler ſeat,
The prince appoints; but to his fire aſſigns
The taſteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
Partake, my gueſt, he cry'd, without control
The ſocial feaſt, and drain the cheering bowl:

Inſult

Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
From my great sire too soon devolv'd to me!
Your violence and scorn, ye suitors, cease,
Lest arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
Be patient, peers! at length Antinous cries;
The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
Would Jove permit the meditated blow,
That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.

Without reply vouchsaf'd, Antinous ceas'd:
Meanwhile the pomp of festival increas'd:
By heralds rank'd, in marshal'd order move
The city-tribes, to pleas'd Apollo's grove:
Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid.
But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
(An humble side-board set) Ulysses shar'd.
Observant of the prince's high behest,
His menial train attend the stranger-guest:
Whom Pallas with unpardoning fury fir'd,
By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
A Samian Peer, more studious than the rest
Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,
Unnumber'd acres arable and green
(Ctesippus nam'd); this lord Ulysses ey'd,
And thus burst out th' impostumate with pride:

The

The ſentence I propoſe, ye peers, attend:
Since due regard muſt wait the prince's friend,
Let each a token of eſteem beſtow;
This gift acquits the dear reſpect I owe;
With which he nobly may diſcharge his ſeat,
And pay the menials for the maſter's treat.
He ſaid: and of the ſteer before him plac'd,
That ſinewy fragment at Ulyſſes caſt,
Where to the paſtern-bone, by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indiſſolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high the wall unſeemly ſign'd.
The chief indignant grins a ghaſtly ſmile;
Revenge and ſcorn within his boſom boil:
When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltleſs of the mark, my certain ſpear
Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor ſhould thy ſire, a queen his daughter boaſt;
The ſuitor, now, had vaniſh'd in a ghoſt:
No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawleſs power
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:
For genuine worth of age mature to know
My grape ſhall redden, and my harveſt grow.
Or, if each other's wrongs ye ſtill ſupport,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;
What ſingle arm with numbers can contend?
On me let all your lifted ſwords deſcend,
And with my life ſuch vile diſhonours end.
A long ceſſation of diſcourſe enſued,
By gentler Agelaus thus renew'd:

A juſt

A juſt reproof, ye peers! your rage reſtrain
From the protected gueſt, and menial train:
And, prince! to ſtop the ſource of future ill,
Aſſent yourſelf, and gain the royal will,
Whilſt hope prevail'd to ſee your ſire reſtor'd,
Of right the queen refus'd a ſecond lord.
But who ſo vain of faith, ſo blind to fate,
To think he ſtill ſurvives to claim the ſtate?
Now preſs the ſovereign dame with warm deſire
To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inſpire:
The lord ſelected to the nuptial joys,
Far hence will lead the long-conteſted prize:
Whilſt in paternal pomp, with plenty bleſs'd,
You reign, of this imperial dome poſſeſs'd.
Sage and ſerene Telemachus replies:
By him at whoſe beheſt the thunder flies,
And by the name on earth I moſt revere,
By great Ulyſſes and his woes, I ſwear
(Who never muſt review his dear domain;
Inroll'd, perhaps, in Pluto's dreary train!)
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,
My bridal gifts ſhall load the future ſpouſe:
But from this dome my parent queen to chace!
From me, ye Gods! avert ſuch dire diſgrace.
But Pallas clouds with intellectual gloom
The ſuitors' ſouls, inſenſate of their doom!
A mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated croud;
The roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud:
Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the viands lay:

Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow,
And ſudden ſighs precede approaching woe.
In viſion rapt; the * Hypereſian ſeer
Uproſe, and thus divin'd the vengeance near:
Oh race to death devote! with Stygian ſhade
Each deſtin'd peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd;
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling ghoſts
To people Orcus and the burning coaſts!
Nor gives the ſun his golden orb to roll,
But univerſal night uſurps the pole!
Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The peers reproach the ſure divine of Fate;
And thus Eurymachus: The dotard's mind
To every ſenſe is loſt, to reaſon blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the ſlave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.
Tax not (the Heaven-illumin'd ſeer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind.
No clouds of error dim th' ethereal rays,
Her equal power each faithful ſenſe obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling ſteps I bend,
Far hence, before yon hovering deaths deſcend;
Leſt, the ripe harveſt of revenge begun,
I ſhare the doom ye ſuitors cannot ſhun.
This ſaid, to ſage Piræus ſped the ſeer,
His honour'd hoſt, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feaſt the ſuitors ſit,
And aim to wound the prince with pointleſs wit:

Crie

* Theoclymenus.

Cries one, with ſcornful leer and mimic voice,
Thy charity we praiſe, but not thy choice;
Why ſuch profuſion of indulgence ſhown
To this poor, timorous, toil-deteſting drone?
That other feeds on planetary ſchemes,
And pays his hoſt with hideous noon-day dreams.
But, prince! for once, at leaſt, believe a friend,
To ſome Sicilian mart theſe courtiers ſend,
Where, if they yield their freight acroſs the main,
Dear ſell the ſlaves! demand no greater gain.
Thus jovial they: but nought the prince replies;
Full on his ſire he roll'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient ſtraight to fleſh his virgin-ſword,
From the wiſe-chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the penſive queen
To ſee the circlet ſate, of all unſeen.
Sated at length they riſe, and bid prepare
An eve-repaſt, with equal coſt and care:
But vengeful Pallas, with preventing ſpeed,
A feaſt proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feaſt of death! the feaſters doom'd to bleed!

THE

THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE BENDING OF ULYSSES'S BOW.

PENELOPE, to put an end to the ſolicitation of the ſuitors, propoſes to marry the perſon who ſhall firſt bend the bow of Ulyſſes, and ſhoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulyſſes, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, diſcovers himſelf to them; then returning, deſires leave to try his ſtrength at the bow, which, though refuſed with indignation by the ſuitors, Penelope and Telemachus cauſe it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and ſhoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the ſame inſtant thunders from heaven; Ulyſſes accepts the omen, and gives a ſign to Telemachus, who ſtands ready armed at his ſide.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXI.

AND Pallas now, to raiſe the rival fires,
With her own art Penelope inſpires:
Who now can bend Ulyſſes' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow through the diſtant ring,
Shall end the ſtrife, and win th' imperial dame;
But diſcord and black death await the game!
The prudent queen the lofty ſtair aſcends,
At diſtance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key ſhe held, the handle turn'd,
With ſteel and poliſh'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmoſt room ſhe bent her way,
Where ſafe repos'd the royal treaſures lay;
There ſhone high-heap'd the labour'd braſs and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulyſſes bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltleſs ſlept
Thoſe winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long ſince when Sparta's ſhores he trod,
On young Ulyſſes Iphitus beſtow'd:
Beneath Orſilochus's roof they met;
One loſs was private, one a public debt;
Meſſena's ſtate from Ithaca detains
Three hundred ſheep, and all the ſhepherd-ſwains;

And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,
The king and elders truſt their common cauſe.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wandering mares,
And mules, the ſtrongeſt of the labouring kind;
Hapleſs to ſearch! more hapleſs ſtill to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawleſs wretch, that man of brutal ſtrength,
Deaf to Heaven's voice, the ſocial rite tranſgreſs'd;
And for the beauteous mares deſtroy'd his gueſt:
He gave the bow! and on Ulyſſes' part
Receiv'd a pointed ſword and miſſile dart:
Of luckleſs friendſhip on a foreign ſhore
Their firſt, laſt pledges; for they met no more!
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulyſſes bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.
Now gently winding up the fair aſcent,
By many an eaſy ſtep, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,
(With poliſh'd oak the level pavements ſhine)
The folding gates a dazzling light diſplay'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the ſilken ſtring,
Forſakes the ſtaple as ſhe pulls the ring;
The wards reſpondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves reſound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the ſpring.

The

She moves majeſtic through the wealthy room,
Where treaſur'd garments caſt a rich perfume;
There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its ſplendid caſe, the bow unſtrung;
Acroſs her knees ſhe laid the well-known bow,
And penſive ſate, and tears began to flow.
To full ſatiety of grief ſhe mourns,
Then ſilent to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud ſuitors bears in penſive ſtate
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.
Behind, her train the poliſh'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate braſs and ſilver rings,
Full in the portal the chaſte queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either ſide awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majeſtic air:
Say you, whom theſe forbidden walls inclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If theſe neglected, faded charms can move
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you ſeek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the ſtrife:
Who firſt Ulyſſes' wondrous bow ſhall bend,
And through twelve ringlets the feel arrow ſend,
Him will I follow, and forſake my home,
For him forſake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the ſcene of all my paſt delight,
And ſtill to laſt, the vision of my night!
Graceful ſhe ſaid, and bade Eumæus ſhow
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.

From his full eyes the tears unbidden ſpring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.
Philætius too relents, but ſecret ſhed
The tender drops. Antinous ſaw, and ſaid:
Hence to your fields, you ruſticks! hence away,
Nor ſtain with grief the pleaſures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The ſad remembrance of a periſh'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow—
Or ſhare the feaſt with due reſpect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave us to the bow:
No vulgar taſk! Ill ſuits this courtly crew
That ſtubborn horn which brave Ulyſſes drew.
I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er
While yet a child) what majeſty he bore!
And ſtill (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the ſtrength, the grandeur of the man.
He ſaid, but in his ſoul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft through every ring,
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king
Shall end thoſe hopes, and Fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: Some God, I find,
With pleaſing phrenzy has poſſeſs'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-tim'd gladneſs leaps my heart?
Come then, ye ſuitors! and diſpute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian ſtate ſupplies,
Than all proud Argos, or Mycæna knows,
Than all our iſles or continents incloſe.

A woman

A woman matchleſs, and almoſt divine,
Fit for the praiſe of every tongue but mine.
No more excuſes then, no more delay;
Haſte to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.
I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow through the deſtin'd ring,
Then if no happier knight the conqueſt boaſt,
I ſhall not ſorrow for a mother loſt;
But, bleſt in her, poſſeſs theſe arms alone,
Heir of my father's ſtrength, as well as throne.
He ſpoke; then, riſing, his broad ſword unbound,
And caſt his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd
The level axes, and the points made faſt
(His perfect ſkill the wondering gazers ey'd;
The game as yet unſeen, as yet untry'd.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his ſtand;
And graſp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made eſſay;
Three times, unequal to the taſk, gave way:
A modeſt boldneſs on his cheek appear'd:
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great ſire with joy
Beheld, but with a ſign forbade the boy.
His ardour ſtraight th' obedient prince ſuppreſs'd,
And, artful, thus the ſuitor-train addreſs'd:
Oh, lay the cauſe on youth yet immature!
(For Heaven forbid ſuch weakneſs ſhould endure!)
How ſhall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an inſult, or repel a foe?

But you! whom Heaven with better nerves has bleſt,
Accept the trial, and the prize conteſt.
He caſt the bow before him, and apart
Againſt the poliſh'd quiver propt the dart.
Reſuming then his ſeat, Epitheus' ſon
The bold Antinous to the reſt begun:
"From where the goblet firſt begins to flow,
"From right to left, in order take the bow;
"And prove your ſeveral ſtrengths"—The princes heard,
And firſt Leiodes, blameleſs prieſt, appear'd:
The eldeſt born of Oenops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place:
He, only he, of all the ſuitor-throng,
Their deeds deteſted, and abjur'd the wrong.
With tender hands the ſtubborn horn he ſtrains,
The ſtubborn horn reſiſted all his pains!
Already in deſpair he gives it o'er:
Take it who will, he cries, I ſtrive no more.
What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow!
What ſouls and ſpirits ſhall it ſend below!
Better, indeed, to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than diſappointed live,
With each new ſun to ſome new hope a prey,
Yet ſtill to-morrow falſer than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we ſought!
This bow ſhall eaſe us of that idle thought,
And ſend us with ſome humbler wife to live,
Whom gold ſhall gain, or deſtiny ſhall give.
Thus ſpeaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)

ſtance far the feather'd ſhaft he throws,
to the ſeat returns from whence he roſe.
him Antinous thus with fury ſaid:
words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled!
coward-function ever is in fear;
arms are dreadful which thou canſt not bear.
ſhould this bow be fatal to the brave?
ſe the prieſt is born a peaceful ſlave.
then what others can—He ended there,
ade Melanthius a vaſt pile prepare;
ves it inſtant flame: then faſt beſide
ds o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
melted lard they ſoak the weapon o'er,
every knot, and ſupple every pore.
all their art, and all their ſtrength as vain;
ow inflexible reſiſts their pain.
orce of great Eurymachus alone
old Antinous, yet untry'd, unknown:
only now remain'd; but thoſe confeſs'd
the train the mightieſt and the beſt.
en from the hall, and from the noiſy crew,
naſters of the herd and flock withdrew.
ing obſerves them: he the hall forſakes,
paſt the limits of the court, o'ertakes.
thus with accent mild Ulyſſes ſpoke:
thful guardians of the herd and flock!
I the ſecret of my breaſt conceal,
my ſoul now dictates) ſhall I tell?
hould ſome favouring God reſtore again
ſt Ulyſſes to his native reign?

How

How beat your hearts? what aid would you afford,
To the proud ſuitors, or your ancient lord?
Philætius thus: Oh were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove reſtore that man again!
Theſe aged ſinews with new vigour ſtrung
In his bleſt cauſe ſhould emulate the young.
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each Power above, with wiſhes for his lord.
He ſaw their ſecret ſouls, and thus began:
Thoſe vows the Gods accord: behold the man!
Your own Ulyſſes! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wanderings from this hapleſs land:
At length he comes; but comes deſpis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All elſe have caſt him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wiſhes, and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm ſucceed,
And give yon' impious revelers to bleed;
My care ſhall be, to bleſs your future lives
With large poſſeſſions, and with faithful wives;
Faſt by my palace ſhall your domes aſcend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now truſt your eye;
Lo! the broad ſcar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's ſons, of yore,
On Parnaſs' top I chac'd the tuſky boar.
His ragged veſt then drawn aſide diſclos'd
The ſign conſpicuous, and the ſcar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they ſtood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their maſter gaz'd.

Around

Around his neck their longing arms they caſt,
His head, his ſhoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their power:
In ſolemn ſilence fell the kindly ſhower.
The king too weeps, the king too graſps their hands,
And moveleſs, as a marble fountain, ſtands.
Thus had their joy wept down the ſetting ſun,
But firſt the wiſe man ceas'd, and thus begun:
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy,
Full many foes, and fierce, obſerve us near:
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but ſtay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty ſuitors will deny the bow:
But thou, Eumæus, as 'tis borne away,
Thy maſter's weapon to his hand convey.
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate:
Cloſe let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Though arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans, they hear.
To thy ſtrict charge, Philætius, we conſign
The court's main gate: to guard that paſs be thine.
This ſaid, he firſt return'd: the faithful ſwains
At diſtance follow, as their king ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now ſtands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty ſoul, and thus began:

I mourn the common cauſe: for, oh, my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what ſhame attends!
Not the loſt nuptials can affect me more,
(For Greece has beauteous dames on every ſhore)
But baffled thus; confeſs'd ſo far below
Ulyſſes' ſtrength, as not to bend his bow!
How ſhall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakneſs ſcorn! Antinous thus reply'd:
Not ſo, Eurymachus; that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cauſe.
Sacred to Phœbus is the ſolemn day,
Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away:
Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd ſtrife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the ſewer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,
The choiceſt offerings let Melanthius bring:
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich ſmokes, high curling to the ſkies.
So ſhall the patron of theſe arts beſtow
(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.
They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleanſing waters from the limpid ſpring:
The goblet high with roſy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uproſe the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated ſcheme began:
If what I aſk your noble minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!

Chief

Chief if it hurt not great Antinous' ear,
(Whoſe ſage deciſion I with wonder hear)
And if Eurymachus the motion pleaſe;
Give Heaven this day, and reſt the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms diſpute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the ſkies!
But, ſince till then this trial you delay,
Truſt it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you deſpiſe;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and inſults, make me leſs than man?
Rage flaſh'd in lightning from the ſuitors eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprize.
Antinous then: Oh, miſerable gueſt!
Is common ſenſe quite baniſh'd from thy breaſt?
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd
To ſit diſtinguiſh'd, with our preſence grac'd,
Admitted here with princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this inſolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this phrenzy ſtung,
Pirithous' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundleſs the Centaur rag'd; till one and all
The heroes roſe, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggreſſor firſt.

Such fate I propheſy our gueſt attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor ſhall theſe walls ſuch inſolence contain;
The firſt fair wind tranſports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings,
(The worſt of mortals, ev'n the worſt of kings.)
Better than that, if thou approve our chear;
Ceaſe the mad ſtrife, and ſhare our bounty here.
To this the queen her juſt diſlike expreſs'd:
'Tis impious, prince, to harm the ſtranger gueſt,
Baſe to inſult who bears a ſuppliant's name,
And ſome reſpect Telemachus may claim.
What, if th' Immortals on the man beſtow
Sufficient ſtrength to draw the mighty bow,
Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wandering ſtranger for my lord?
A hope ſo idle never touch'd his brain:
Then eaſe your boſoms of a fear ſo vain.
Far be he baniſh'd from this ſtately ſcene
Who wrongs his princeſs with a thought ſo mean.
Oh fair! and wiſeſt of ſo fair a kind!
(Reſpectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak ſurmiſe, but ſenſe of ſhame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the cenſure of the meaneſt ſlave,
The weakeſt woman: all can wrong the brave.
"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
"Of that brave chief, whoſe bow they could not bend
"In came a beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
"And did what all thoſe princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name.

To whom the queen: If fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence to reward his merit he shall bear
A two-edg'd falchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.
O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me, (cries Telemachus) to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain;
To me alone my father's arms descend,
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O queen, thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.
Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There, in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul,
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,

Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Now through the preſs the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noiſe, and wild uproar.
Hold! lawleſs ruſtic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, inſenſate, doſt thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to ſome ſequeſter'd den,
Far from the ſweet ſociety of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou ſhalt be made;
If Heaven and Phœbus lend the ſuitors aid.
Thus they. Aghaſt he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urg'd him on:
Proceed, falſe ſlave, and ſlight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to pleaſe ſo many lords?
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, ſhall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppreſſive ſuitors from my walls expell!
Then what a ſhoal of lawleſs men ſhould go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!
The ſuitors with a ſcornful ſmile ſurvey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, haſtes to bring
The ſtrife-full bow, and gives it to the king.
Old Euryclea calling then aſide,
Hear what Telemachus enjoins (he cry'd)
At every portal let ſome matron wait,
And each lock faſt the well-compacted gate;
And if unuſual ſounds invade their ear,
If arms, or ſhouts, or dying groans they hear,

Let

Let none to call or iſſue forth preſume,
But cloſe attend the labours of the loom.
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Clos'd in an inſtant were the palace-gates.
In the ſame moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmoſt gate (the cable ſtrongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ſhip from Ægypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and ſilent as the board
His ſeat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the maſter bore,
Turn'd on all ſides, and view'd it o'er and o'er:
Leſt time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner abſent and untry'd ſo long.
While ſome deriding—How he turns the bow!
Some other like it ſure the man muſt know,
Or elſe would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he ſteals.—
Heaven to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!
And bleſs, in all to which he ſtands inclin'd,
With ſuch good fortune as he now ſhall find.
Heedleſs he heard them; but diſdain'd reply;
The bow peruſing with exacteſt eye.
Then, as ſome heavenly minſtrel, taught to ſing
High notes reſponſive to the trembling ſtring,
To ſome new ſtrain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, ſtrains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great maſter drew the mighty bow:
And drew with eaſe. One hand aloft diſplay'd
The bending horns, and one the ſtring eſſay'd.

From his eſſaying hand the ſtring let fly
Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill ſwallow's cry.
A general horror ran through all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every face.
Signs from above enſued: th' unfolding ſky
In lightning burſt: Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fir'd at the call of Heaven's Almighty Lord,
He ſnatch'd the ſhaft that glitter'd on the board:
(Faſt by the reſt lay ſleeping in the ſheath,
But ſoon to fly the meſſengers of death).
Now ſitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Through every ringlet leveling his view;
Then notch'd the ſhaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vaniſh'd from the ſtring.
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The ſolid gate its fury ſcarcely bounds;
Pierc'd through and through, the ſolid gate reſounds.
Then to the prince: Nor have I wrought thee ſhame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I loſt
That ancient vigour, once my pride and boaſt.
Ill I deſerv'd theſe haughty peers' diſdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In ſweet repaſt the preſent hour employ,
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's ſoft voice prolong the night;
Muſick, the banquet's moſt refin'd delight.
He ſaid, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his ſhining ſword.
Faſt by his father's ſide he takes his ſtand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

THE

THE
WENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
D Y S S E Y.

ARGUMENT.

THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

ULYSSES begins the ſlaughter of the ſuito death of Antinous. He declares himſelf, ſly his arrows at the reſt. Telemachus a brings arms for his father, himſelf, Eum Philætius. Melanthius does the ſame for th Minerva encourages Ulyſſes in the ſhape of The ſuitors are all ſlain, only Medon and are ſpared. Melanthius and the unfait vants are executed. The reſt acknowle maſter with all demonſtrations of joy.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXII.

THEN fierce the hero o'er the threſhold ſtrode;
Strip'd of his rags, he blaz'd out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable ſtore:
Before his feet the rattling ſhower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the ſuitor crew:
One venturous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow muſt attain.
Phœbus, aſſiſt! nor be the labour vain.
Swift as the word the parting arrow ſings,
And bears thy fate, Antinous, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic ſoul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidſt a feaſtful band?
And Fate to numbers, by a ſingle hand?
Full through his throat Ulyſſes' weapon paſs'd,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his laſt.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A ſtream of gore burſt ſpouting from his noſe;

Grim in convulſive agonies he ſprawls:
Before him ſpurn'd the loaded table falls,
And ſpreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they ſaw him fall,
Uproſe the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they caſt a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'ſt thou at princes? (all amaz'd they ſaid)
Thy laſt of games unhappy haſt thou play'd;
Thy erring ſhaft has made our braveſt bleed,
And death, unlucky gueſt, attends thy deed.
Vultures ſhall tear thee—Thus incens'd they ſpoke,
While each to chance aſcrib'd the wondrous ſtroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His deſtin'd prey, and wraps them all in ſhades.
Then, grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulyſſes ſpoke:
Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulyſſes vengeful from the Trojan ſhore;
While, to your luſt and ſpoil a guardleſs prey,
Our houſe, our wealth, our helpleſs handmaids lay:
Not ſo content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,
Ev'n to our bed preſumptuous you aſpir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or ſhame of men, or dread of Gods above:
Heedleſs alike of infamy or praiſe,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending fate is yours, and inſtant doom.

Thus

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the ſuitors ſtood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they ſought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold Eurymachus reply'd:
If, as thy words impart, (he thus began)
Ulyſſes lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much haſt thou ſuſtain'd
In thy ſpoil'd palace, and exhauſted land;
The cauſe and author of thoſe guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjuſt Antinous bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To ſlay thy ſon, thy kingdoms to divide,
Theſe were his aims; but juſter Jove deny'd.
Since cold in death th' offender lies: oh, ſpare
Thy ſuppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Braſs, gold, and treaſures, ſhall the ſpoil defray,
Two hundred oxen every prince ſhall pay:
The waſte of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is juſt—Ulyſſes burn'd
With high diſdain, and ſternly thus return'd:
All, all the treaſures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly ſhould for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I ſcorn them all;
Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each ſuitor lies.
Hence with thoſe coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you, to reſiſt or die;
And die I truſt ye ſhall.—He ſternly ſpoke:
With guilty fears the pale aſſembly ſhook.

Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
Yon archer, comrades, will not ſhoot in vain;
But from the threſhold ſhall his darts be ſped,
(Whoe'er he be) till every prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourſelves, draw forth your ſwords,
And to his ſhafts obtend theſe ample boards
(So need compels). Then all united ſtrive
The bold invader from his poſt to drive;
The city rouz'd ſhall to our reſcue haſte,
And this mad archer ſoon have ſhot his laſt.
Swift as he ſpoke, he drew his traitor ſword,
And like a lion ruſh'd againſt his lord:
The wary chief the ruſhing foe repreſs'd,
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breaſt:
His falling hand deſerts the lifted ſword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effuſion, roll
Th' untaſted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full through his liver paſs'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
He ſpurn'd the ſeat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce ſoul to darkneſs div'd, and hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arm extends
To force the paſs; the God-like man defends.
Thy ſpear, Telemachus! prevents th' attack,
The brazen weapon driving through his back,
Thence through his breaſt its bloody paſſage tore;
Flat falls he thundering on the marble floor,
And his cruſh'd forehead marks the ſtone with gore.
He left his javelin in the dead, for fear
The long incumbrance of the weighty ſpear

To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries.)
Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missile javelins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.
Haste and return (Ulysses made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expir'd at every wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy javelins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.
There stood a window near, whence looking down
From o'er the porch appear'd the subject town.

A double

A double ſtrength of valves ſecur'd the place,
A high and narrow, but the only paſs:
The cautious king, with all-preventing care,
To guard that outlet, plac'd Eumæus there:
When Agelaüs thus: Has none the ſenſe
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? The town ſhall force the door,
And this bold archer ſoon ſhall ſhoot no more.
Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins, that one may guard the ſtrait.
But other methods of defence remain;
Myſelf with arms can furniſh all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts ſhall pierce the prince and king.
He ſaid; and, mounting up the lofty ſtairs,
Twelve ſhields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and ſudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of ſpears.
The hero ſtands oppreſs'd with mighty woe,
On every ſide he ſees the labour grow:
Oh curſt event! and, oh! unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius, or the women have betray'd—
Oh, my dear ſon!—the father with a ſigh!
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
Falſehood is folly, and 'tis juſt to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;
My haſte neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has ſupply'd their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtleſs err'd in) well ſecure that door:

Learn

Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought miſgives) by Dolius' ſon.
While yet they ſpoke, in queſt of arms again
To the high chamber ſtole the faithleſs ſwain,
Not unobſerv'd. Eumæus watchful ey'd,
And thus addreſs'd Ulyſſes near his ſide:
The miſcreant we ſuſpected takes that way;
Him, if this arm be powerful, ſhall I ſlay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this deteſted deed?
Not ſo (reply'd Ulyſſes) leave him there,
For us ſufficient is another care:
Within the ſtructure of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his maſters till they fall.
Go you, and ſeize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by ſtrong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof ſuſpend:
So ſtudy'd tortures his vile days ſhall end.
The ready ſwains obey'd with joyful haſte,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they paſs'd,
As round the room in queſt of arms he goes
(The half-ſhut door conceal'd his lurking foes):
One hand ſuſtain'd a helm, and one the ſhield
Which old Laertes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with duſt, with dryneſs chapt and worn,
The braſs corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, [illegible] the threſhold as he ſtepp'd,
Fierce on the fallein from each ſide they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling daſtard drew,
And down [illegible] on the pavement threw.

Active

Active and pleas'd the zealous ſwains fulfil
At every point their maſter's rigid will:
Firſt, faſt behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then ſtreighten'd cords involv'd his body round:
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon ſwung from ſide to ſide.

Eumæus ſcoffing then with keen diſdain:
There paſs thy pleaſing night, O gentle ſwain!
On that ſoft pillow, from that envy'd height
Firſt may'ſt thou ſee the ſpringing dawn of light;
So timely riſe, when morning ſtreaks the eaſt,
To drive thy victims to the ſuitors' feaſt.

This ſaid, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and haſty ſtrode away:
Each, breathing death, reſum'd his dangerous poſt
Near great Ulyſſes; four againſt an hoſt.
When, lo! deſcending to her hero's aid
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid:
In Mentor's friendly form ſhe join'd his ſide;
Ulyſſes ſaw, and thus with tranſport cry'd:

Come, ever welcome, and thy ſuccour lend:
Oh, every ſacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
Whate'er through life's whole ſeries I have done
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.

Thus he; but pleaſing hopes his boſom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverſe hoſt the phantom warriour ey'd,
And firſt, loud threatening, Agelaüs cry'd:

Mentor,

Mentor, beware! nor let that tongue perſuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulyſſes aid;
Our force ſucceſsful ſhall our threat make good,
And with the ſire and ſon's commix thy blood.
What hop'ſt thou here? Thee firſt the ſword ſhall ſlay,
Then lop thy whole poſterity away;
Far hence thy baniſh'd conſort ſhall we ſend;
With his, thy forfeit lands and treaſures blend;
Thus, and thus only, ſhalt thou join thy friend.
His barbarous inſult ev'n the Goddeſs fires,
Who thus the warriour to revenge inſpires:
Art thou Ulyſſes? where then ſhall we find
The patient body and the conſtant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the luſt
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in duſt?
If this, when Helen was the cauſe, were done;
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy ſon?
Riſe then in combat, at my ſide attend;
Obſerve what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, oppos'd againſt a friend!
She ſpoke; but, willing longer to ſurvey
The fire and ſon's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory:
Then with a change of form eludes their ſight,
Perch'd like a ſwallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the riſing fight.

Damaſto's

Damaſto's ſon, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war; Eurynomus ſucceeds;
With theſe, Piſander, great Polyctor's ſon,
Sage Polybus, and ſtern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: theſe ſix ſurvive;
The beſt of all, the ſhafts had left alive.
Amidſt the carnage deſperate as they ſtand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band:

The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding princes ſhall beſtrow the floor.
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boaſt;
The four remain, but four againſt an hoſt.
Let each at once diſcharge the deadly dart,
One ſure of ſix ſhall reach Ulyſſes' heart:
The reſt muſt periſh, their great leader ſlain;
Thus ſhall one ſtroke the glory loſt regain.

Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirſty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And ſcatter'd ſhort, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd ſound, one on the threſhold falls,
One ſtrikes the gate, one rings againſt the walls:
The ſtorm paſs'd innocent. The god-like man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So ſpeed them Heaven) our javelins at the foe.
That impious race to all their paſs'd miſdeeds
Would add our blood. Injuſtice ſtill proceeds.

He ſpoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulyſſes flew;

Euryades

Eurydes receiv'd the prince's dart:
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the Virgin-power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall;
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or ponderous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless on the pavement sounding dead.

Then bold Amphimedon his javelin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly raz'd:
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear glanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamus, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain:
And Polybus renown'd the faithful swain.
Pierc'd through the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain;
Oh! sharp in scandal, voluble, and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To Heaven alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

Ulysses

Ulyſſes brandiſh'd high his vengeful ſteel,
And Damaſtorides that inſtant fell;
Faſt-by Leocritus expiring lay,
The prince's javelin tore its bloody way
Through all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains beſmear the ſtone.
Now Pallas ſhines confeſs'd! aloft ſhe ſpreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they ſee, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, diſtracted, through the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's ſting,
When ſultry days, and long, ſucceed the gentle ſpring.
Not half ſo keen fierce vultures of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When, the wide field extended ſnares beſet,
With conſcious dread they ſhun the quivering net:
No help, no flight: but, wounded every way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers ſeize the prey.
On all ſides thus they double wound on wound,
In proſtrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly ſhrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking ſtone.
Leiodes firſt before the victor falls;
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
Oh gracious hear! nor let thy ſuppliant bleed:
Still undiſhonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy houſe, for me, remains; by me repreſs'd
Full oft was check'd th' injuſtice of the reſt:

Averſe they heard me when I counſel'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they juſtly fell.
Oh! ſpare an augur's conſecrated head,
Nor add the blameleſs to the guilty dead!
Prieſt as thou art! for that deteſted band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:
Againſt Ulyſſes have thy vows been made,
For them, thy daily oriſons were paid:
Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aſpires:
One common crime one common fate requires.
Thus ſpeaking, from the ground the ſword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forſook;
Full through his neck the weighty faulchion ſped:
Along the pavement roll'd the muttering head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance ſpar'd,
Phemius the ſweet, the Heaven-inſtructed bard.
Beſide the gate the reverend minſtrel ſtands;
The lyre, now ſilent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to ſupplicate the chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulyſſes ſmoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he firſt ſet down,
Between the laver and the ſilver throne;
Then proſtrate ſtretch'd before the dreadful man,
Perſuaſive, thus with accent ſoft began:
O king! to mercy be thy ſoul inclin'd,
And ſpare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong;
For dear to Gods and men is ſacred ſong.

Self-taught I ſing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine ſeeds of poeſy are ſown;
And (what the Gods beſtow) the lofty lay,
The Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyſelf reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I ſung, was force, and not deſire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And let thy ſon atteſt, nor fordid pay,
Nor ſervile flattery, ſtain'd the moral lay.
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His ſire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh! mix not, Father, with thoſe impious dead
The man divine; forbear that ſacred head!
Medon, the herald, too our arms may ſpare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy ſon to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.
Beneath a table, trembling with diſmay,
Couch'd cloſe to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp'd in a new-ſlain ox's ample hide:
Swift at the word he caſt his ſcreen aſide,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice addreſs'd his ears:
O prince! O friend! lo! here thy Medon ſtands;
Ah! ſtop the hero's unreſiſted hands,
Incens'd too juſtly by that impious brood
Whoſe guilty glories now are ſet in blood.
To whom Ulyſſes with a pleaſing eye:
Be bold, on friendſhip and my ſon rely;

Live,

Live an example for the world to read,
How much more ſafe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the Heaven-taught Bard, in peace reſort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires—With timorous awe
From the dire ſcene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce ſure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.

Meanwhile Ulyſſes ſearch'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,
All ſteep'd in blood, all gaſping on the ground.
So when, by hollow ſhores, the fiſher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And ſcarce the meſhy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fiſhes pant and gaſp in thinner air;
With o'er the ſands are ſpread the ſtiffening prey,
Till the warm ſun exhales their ſoul away.

And now the king commands his ſon to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall:
The ſon obſervant not a moment ſtays:
The aged governeſs with ſpeed obeys:
The ſounding portals inſtant they diſplay;
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the ſtern Ulyſſes ſtood,
All black with duſt, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the ſlaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he roams,

His breaſt with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;
A ſcream of joy her feeble voice eſſay'd:
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly ſaid—
Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feaſt thy ſecret ſoul.
T' inſult the dead, is cruel and unjuſt;
Fate and their crime have ſunk them to the duſt.
Nor heeded theſe the cenſure of mankind;
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Juſtly the price of worthleſſneſs they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented ſhade.
But thou, ſincere, O Euryclea! ſay
What maids diſhonour us, and what obey?
Then ſhe: In theſe thy kingly walls remain
(My ſon) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And ſervitude with pleaſing taſks deceive;
Of theſe, twice ſix purſue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaſte Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where ſlumbers ſoft now cloſe the royal eye;
There wake her with the news—the matron cry'd.
Not ſo, (Ulyſſes more ſedate reply'd)
Bring firſt the crew who wrought theſe guilty deeds;
In haſte the matron parts; the king proceeds:

Now

w to diſpoſe the dead, the care remains
ou, my ſon, and you, my faithful ſwains;
offending females to that taſk we doom,
aſh, to ſcent, and purify the room.
: (every table cleans'd, and every throne,
all the melancholy labour done)
: to yon court, without the palace-wall,
e the reveaging ſword ſhall ſmite them all;
ith the ſuitors let them mix in duſt,
:h'd in a long oblivion of their luſt.
: ſaid: the lamentable train appear,
vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
porch, depos'd the ghaſtly heaps of death.
chief ſevere, compelling each to move,
d the dire taſk imperious from above.
1 thirſty ſponge they rub the tables o'er,
: ſwains unite their toil) the walls, the floor,
h'd with th' effuſive wave, are purg'd of gore.
: more the palace ſet in fair array,
he baſe court the females take their way;
:e compaſs'd cloſe between the dome and wall,
eir life's laſt ſcene) they trembling wait their fall.
hen thus the prince: To theſe ſhall we afford
te ſo pure as by the martial ſword?
heſe, the nightly proſtitutes to ſhame,
baſe revilers of our houſe and name?
hus ſpeaking, on the circling wall he ſtrung
ip's tough cable, from a column hung;

Near the high top he ſtrain'd it ſtrongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quivering feet below:
Thus, on ſome tree hung ſtruggling in the ſnare,
The doves or thruſhes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the ſoul impure, and left behind
The empty corſe to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,
Morſel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen ſheers
The wretch, and ſhorten'd of his noſe and ears;
His hands and feet laſt felt the cruel ſteel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his ſoul to hell—

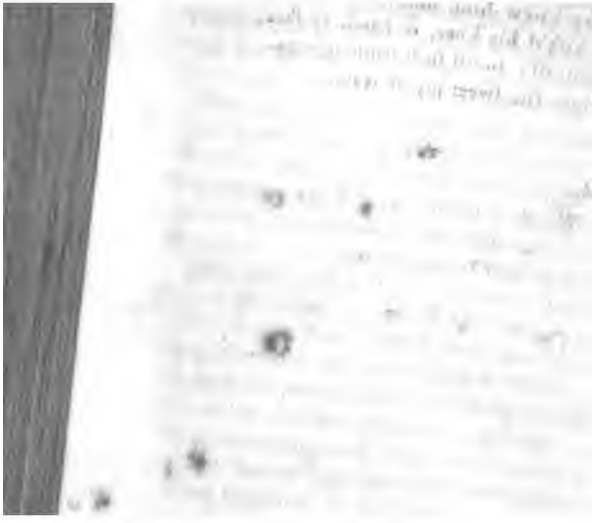
They waſh, and to Ulyſſes take their way;
So ends the bloody buſineſs of the day.

To Euryclea then addreſs'd the king:
Bring hither fire, and hither ſulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then, the queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train deſcend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Aſſemble here to learn their lord's command.

Then Euryclea: Joyful I obey,
But caſt thoſe mean diſhoneſt rags away;
Permit me firſt the royal robes to bring:
Ill ſuits this garb the ſhoulders of a king.
"Bring ſulphur ſtraight, and fire," (the monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and ſulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.

Again the matron ſprings with eager pace,
And ſpreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, ruſh forth, and inſtant round him ſtand
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They ſaw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiſs'd his knee, or hand, or face;
He knows them all; in all ſuch truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the ſweet joy of tears.

THE



THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

EURYCLEA awakens Penelope with the news of Ulyſſes's return, and the death of the ſuitors. Penelope ſcarcely credits her; but ſuppoſes ſome God has puniſhed them, and deſcends from her apartment in doubt. At the firſt interview of Ulyſſes and Penelope, ſhe is quite unſatisfied. Minerva reſtores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by ſome circumſtances ſhe is convinced, and falls into all the tranſports of paſſion and tenderneſs. They recount to each other all that has paſt during their long ſeparation. The next morning Ulyſſes, arming himſelf and his friends, goes from the city to viſit his father.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIII.

THEN to the queen, as in repoſe ſhe lay,
The nurſe with eager rapture ſpeeds her way;
The tranſports of her faithful heart ſupply
A ſudden youth, and give her wings to fly.
And ſleeps my child? the reverend matron cries:
Ulyſſes lives! ariſe, my child, ariſe!
At length appears the long-expected hour!
Ulyſſes comes! the ſuitors are no more!
No more they view the golden light of day!
Ariſe, and bleſs thee with the glad ſurvey!
Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
The righteous Powers, who tread the ſtarry ſkies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wiſe,
And human thought with unreſiſted ſway,
Depreſs or raiſe, enlarge or take away:
Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forſakes,
And Folly, with the tongue of Wiſdom, ſpeaks:
Unkind, the fond illuſion to impoſe!
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?
Never did I a ſleep ſo ſweet enjoy,
Since my dear lord left Ithaca for Troy,

Why muſt I wake to grieve; and curſe thy ſhore,
O Troy?—may never tongue pronounce thee more
Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
But age is ſacred, and we ſpare thy age.
To whom with warmth: My ſoul a lie diſdains;
Ulyſſes lives, thy own Ulyſſes reigns:
That ſtranger, patient of the ſuitors' wrongs,
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
He, he is thine. Thy ſon his latent gueſt
Long knew, but look'd the ſecret in his breaſt;
With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burſt at once in vengeance on the foes.
While yet ſhe ſpoke, the queen in tranſport ſprung
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Faſt from her eye deſcends the rolling tear,
Say, once more ſay, is my Ulyſſes here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be ſlain, though by an hero's hand?
I ſaw it not, ſhe cries, but heard alone,
When death was buſy, a loud dying groan;
The damſel-train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we ſate, and catch'd each paſſing ſound;
When death had ſeiz'd her prey, thy ſon attends,
And at his nod the damſel-train deſcends;
There terrible in arms Ulyſſes ſtood,
And the dead ſuitors almoſt ſwam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd, the hero to ſurvey,
Stern as the ſurly lion o'er his prey,
Glorious in gore now with ſulphureous fires
The dome he purges, now the flame aſpires;

Heap'd

Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—
Haste, daughter, haste, thy own Ulysses calls!
Thy every wish the bounteous Gods bestow,
Enjoy the present good, and former woe;
Ulysses lives, his vanquish'd foes to see;
He lives to thy Telemachus and thee!
Ah! no; with sighs Penelope rejoin'd,
Excess of joy disturbs thy wandering mind;
How blest'd this happy hour, should he appear,
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
Ah! no; some God the suitors' deaths decreed,
Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;
Blind! to contemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Powers defy'd;
But Heaven is just, and by a God they dy'd.
For never must Ulysses view this shore;
Never! the lov'd Ulysses is no more!
What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd Ulysses o'er the watery way,
A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,
And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
Then, daughter, haste away! and if a lie
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!
To whom with dubious joy the queen replies;
Wise is thy soul, but errors seize the wise;

The works of Gods what mortal can ſurvey?
Who knows their motives? who ſhall trace their way?
But learn we inſtant how the ſuitors trod
The paths of death, by man, or by a God.
Thus ſpeaks the queen, and no reply attends,
But with alternate joy and fear deſcends;
At every ſtep debates her lord to prove!
Or, ruſhing to his arms, confeſs her love!
Then gliding through the marble valves, in ſtate
Oppos'd, before the ſhining fire ſhe ſate.
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd,
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his queen the ſilence break:
Amaz'd ſhe ſate, and impotent to ſpeak;
O'er all the man her eyes ſhe rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.
At length Telemachus—Oh! who can find
A woman like Penelope unkind?
Why thus in ſilence? why with winning charms
Thus flow, to fly with rapture to his arms?
Stubborn the breaſt that with no tranſport glows,
When twice ten years are paſs'd of mighty woes:
To ſoftneſs loſt, to ſpouſal love unknown,
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of ſtone!
O my Telemachus! the queen rejoin'd,
Diſtracting fears confound my labouring mind;
Powerleſs to ſpeak, I ſcarce uplift my eyes,
Nor dare to queſtion; doubts on doubts ariſe.
Oh! deign he, if Ulyſſes, to remove
[illegible]ng thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife;
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:
This garb of poverty belies the king;
No more.—This day our deepest care requires,
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.
If one man's blood, though mean, distain our hands,
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;
By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.
Be that thy care, Telemachus replies,
The world conspires to speak Ulysses wise;
For wisdom all is thine! lo, I obey,
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degenerate lag behind.
Then instant to the bath (the monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence th' eluded passengers may say,
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The suitors' death unknown, till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by Jove.
Thus spoke the king: th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.

The

The voice attun'd to inſtrumental ſounds;
Aſcends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
Not unobſerv'd: the Greeks eluded ſay
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the ſpouſal lay!
Inconſtant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaſte ſhe weds no more.
Meanwhile the weary'd king the bath aſcends;
With faithful cares Eurynomè attends,
O'er every limb a ſhower of fragrance ſheds:
Then, dreſs'd in pomp magnificent he treads.
The Warriour-Goddeſs gives his frame to ſhine
With majeſty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks of hyacinthine dye.
As by ſome artiſt, to whom Vulcan gives
His heavenly ſkill, a breathing image lives;
By Pallas taught, he frames the wondrous mould,
And the pale ſilver glows with fuſile gold:
So Pallas his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and iſſuing forth in ſtate,
Radiant before his gazing conſort ſate.
And, O my queen! he cries, what power above
Has ſteel'd that heart, averſe to ſpouſal love!
Canſt thou, Penelope, when Heaven reſtores
Thy loſt Ulyſſes to his native ſhores,
Canſt thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd ſurvey
Thy loſt Ulyſſes, on this ſignal day?
Haſte, Eurycleа, and diſpatchful ſpread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.

My weary nature craves the balm of reſt:
But Heaven with adamant has arm'd her breaſt.
Ah! no; ſhe cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;
And now, ev'n now it melts! for ſure I ſee
Once more Ulyſſes, my belov'd, in thee!
Fix'd in my ſoul as when he ſail'd to Troy,
His image dwells: then haſte the bed of joy!
Haſte, from the bridal bower the bed tranſlate,
Fram'd by his hand, and be it dreſs'd in ſtate!
Thus ſpeaks the queen, ſtill dubious, with diſguiſe;
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies:
Alas, for this! what mortal ſtrength can move
The enormous burthen, who but Heaven above?
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
But the whole earth muſt move, if Heaven commands
Then hear ſure evidence, while we diſplay
Words ſeal'd with ſacred truth, and truth obey:
This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive ſpread
Full in the court its ever verdant head.
Vaſt as ſome mighty column's bulk, on high
The huge trunk roſe, and heav'd into the ſky;
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bower,
And roof'd defenſive of the ſtorm and ſhower;
The ſpacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
And the fair dome with poliſh'd marble ſhines.
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and ſmooth'd the ſhining grain;
Then poſts, capacious of the frame, I raiſe,
And bore it, regular, from ſpace to ſpace:

Athwart the frame, at equal diſtance, lie
Thongs of tough hides, that boaſt a purple dye;
Then, poliſhing the whole, the finiſh'd mould
With ſilver ſhone, with elephant, and gold.
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
Or ſtill inviolate the olive ſtands,
'Tis thine, O Queen, to ſay: and now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts diſtract thy heart?
While yet he ſpeaks, her powers of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away;
At length recovering, to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew:
The tears pour'd down amain: and, Oh! ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy ſpouſe thine anger riſe!
Oh! vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart!
The righteous Powers, that mortal lots diſpoſe,
Decree us to ſuſtain a length of woes,
And from the flower of life, the bliſs deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh! let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my ſoul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithleſs men, betray
Our eaſy faith, and make the ſex their prey:
Againſt the fondneſs of my heart I ſtrove,
'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair miſchief ſet two worlds in arms;

Ere Greece roſe dreadful in th' avenging day;
Thus had ſhe fear'd, ſhe had not gone aſtray.
But Heaven, averſe to Greece, in wrath decreed
That ſhe ſhould wander, and that Greece ſhould bleed:
Blind to the ills that from injuſtice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why theſe ſorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulyſſes lives!
The ſecrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone,
(My father's preſent in the ſpouſal hour,
The ſole attendant on our genial bower).
Since what no eye has ſeen thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and diſtruſtful as I am, I yield.
Touch'd to the ſoul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and ſpeaks his joy in tears.
As to the ſhipwreck'd mariner, the ſhores
Delightful riſe, when angry Neptune roars;
Then, when the ſurge in thunder mounts the ſky,
And gulf'd in clouds at once the ſailors die;
If one more happy, while the tempeſt raves,
Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the ſtrand,
And plunging forth with tranſport graſps the land:
The raviſh'd queen with equal rapture glows,
Claſps her lov'd lord, and to his boſom grows.
Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
But Pallas backward held the riſing day,
The wheels of night retarding, to detain
The gay Aurora in the wavy main:

Whoſe flaming ſteeds, emerging through the night,
Beam o'er the eaſtern hills with ſtreaming light.
At length Ulyſſes with a ſigh replies:
Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate, repoſe denies;
A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
By Heaven above, by Hell beneath enjoin'd:
For, to Tireſias through th' eternal gates
Of hell I trode, to learn my future fates.
But end we here—the night demands repoſe,
Be deck'd the couch! and peace a while, my woes!
To whom the queen: Thy word we ſhall obey,
And deck the couch; far hence be woes away;
Since the juſt Gods, who tread the ſtarry plains,
Reſtore thee ſafe, ſince my Ulyſſes reigns.
But what thoſe perils Heaven decrees, impart;
Knowledge may grieve, but fear diſtracts the heart.
To this the king: Ah! why muſt I diſcloſe
A dreadful ſtory of approaching woes?
Why in this hour of tranſport wound thy ears,
When thou muſt learn what I muſt ſpeak with tears?
Heaven, by the Theban ghoſt, thy ſpouſe decrees,
Torn from thy arms, to ſail a length of ſeas;
From realm to realm a nation to explore
Who ne'er knew ſalt, or heard the billows roar,
Nor ſaw gay veſſel ſtem the ſurgy plain,
A painted wonder, flying on the main;
An oar my hand muſt bear; a ſhepherd eyes
The unknown inſtrument with ſtrange ſurprize,
And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain
I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;

Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
Thence ſwift re-ſailing to my native ſhores,
Due victims ſlay to all th' æthereal Powers.
Then Heaven decrees in peace to end my days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;
Unknown to pain, in age reſign my breath,
When late ſtern Neptune points the ſhaft of death;
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
My people bleſſing, by my people bleſs'd.
Such future ſcenes th' all-righteous Powers diſplay
By their dread * ſeer, and ſuch my future day.
To whom thus firm of ſoul: If ripe for death,
And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:
While Heaven a kind releaſe from ills foreſhows;
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!
But Eurycléa with diſpatchful care,
And ſage Eurynomè, the couch prepare:
Inſtant they bid the blazing torch diſplay
Around the dome an artificial day;
Then to repoſe her ſteps the matron bends,
And to the queen Eurynomè deſcends;
A torch ſhe bears, to light with guiding fires
The royal pair; ſhe guides them, and retires.
Then inſtant his fair ſpouſe Ulyſſes led
To the chaſte love-rites of the nuptial bed.
And now the blooming youths and ſprightly fair
Ceaſe the gay dance, and to their reſt repair;
But in diſcourſe the king and conſort lay,
While the ſoft hours ſtole unperceiv'd away:

* Tireſias.

Intent he hears Penelope diſcloſe
A mournful ſtory of domeſtic woes,
His ſervants inſults, his invaded bed,
How his whole flocks and herds exhauſted bled,
His generous wines diſhonour'd ſhed in vain,
And the wild riots of the ſuitor train.
The king alternate a dire tale relates,
Of wars, of triumphs, and diſaſtrous fates;
All he unfolds; his liſtening ſpouſe turns pale
With pleaſing horror at the dreadful tale!
Sleepleſs devours each word; and hears how ſlain
Cicons on Cicons ſwell th' enſanguin'd plain;
How to the land of Lote unbleſs'd he ſails;
And images the rills, and flowery vales!
How, daſh'd like dogs, his friends the Cyclops tore,
(Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the ſpouting gore;
How, the loud ſtorms in priſon bound, he ſails
From friendly Æolus with proſperous gales;
Yet Fate withſtands! a ſudden tempeſt roars,
And whirls him groaning from his native ſhores:
How, on the barbarous Læſtrigonian coaſt,
By ſavage hands his fleet and friends he loſt;
How ſcarce himſelf ſurviv'd: he paints the bower,
The ſpells of Circe, and her magic power;
His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
To ſeek Tireſias in the vales of death;
How in the doleful manſions he ſurvey'd
His royal mother, pale Anticlea's ſhade;
And friends in battle ſlain, heroic ghoſts!
Then how, unharm'd, he paſs'd the Syren-coaſts,

The juſtling rocks where fierce Charybdis raves,
And howling Scylla whirls her thunderous waves,
The cave of death! How his companions ſlay
The oxen ſacred to the God of Day,
Till Jove in wrath the rattling tempeſt guides,
And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:
How, ſtruggling through the ſurge, he reach'd the ſhores
Of fair Ogygia, and Calypſo's bowers;
Where the gay blooming nymph conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet reluctant amorous delay;
And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to beſtow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe:
How, ſav'd from ſtorms, Phæacia's coaſts he trod,
By great Alcinous honour'd as a God,
Who gave him laſt his country to behold,
With change of raiment, braſs, and heaps of gold.
He ended, ſinking into ſleep, and ſhares
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of all his cares.
Soon as ſoft ſlumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva ruſhes through the aëreal way,
And bids Aurora, with her golden wheels,
Flame from the ocean o'er the eaſtern hills:
Uproſe Ulyſſes from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the monarch ſaid:
My Queen, my Conſort! through a length of years,
We drank the cup of ſorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy lord: while me th' immortal Powers
Detain'd reluctant from my native ſhores.
Now, bleſt again by Heaven, the queen diſplay,
And rule our palace with an equal ſway:

Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty folds with gifts or ſpoils.
But now I haſte to bleſs Laertes' eyes
With ſight of his Ulyſſes ere he dies;
The good old man, to waſting woes a prey,
Weeps a ſad life in ſolitude away.
But hear, though wiſe! This morning ſhall unfold
The deathful ſcene; on heroes, heroes roll'd.
Thou with thy maids within the palace ſtay,
From all the ſcene of tumult far away!
He ſpoke, and ſheath'd in arms inceſſant flies
To wake his ſon, and bid his friends ariſe.
To arms! aloud he cries; his friends obey,
With glittering arms their manly limbs array,
And paſs the city gate; Ulyſſes leads the way.
Now flames the roſy dawn, but Pallas ſhrouds
The latent warriours in a veil of clouds.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſouls of the ſuitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal ſhades. Ulyſſes in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him buſied in his garden all alone: the manner of his diſcovery to him is beautifully deſcribed. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the ſervants. The Ithacenſians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinous, riſe againſt Ulyſſes, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the Goddeſs Pallas makes a laſting peace between Ulyſſes and his ſubjects, which concludes the Odyſſey.

THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK XXIV.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumber ſeals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghoſts to realms of night or day;
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow ſcreams, along the deep deſcent.
As in the cavern of ſome rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock;
So cowering fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
And ſuch a ſcream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remoteſt ends,
And now the gates where evening Sol deſcends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmoſt ſtreams,
And now pervade the duſky land of Dreams,
And reſt at laſt, where ſouls unbodied dwell
In ever-flowering meads of aſphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there,
Impaſſive ſemblance, images of air!

Nought

Nought elſe are all that ſhin'd on earth before;
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet, ſtill a maſter ghoſt, the reſt he aw'd,
The reſt ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his ſide is Neſtor's ſon ſurvey'd,
And lov'd Patroclus ſtill attends his ſhade.
New as they were to that infernal ſhore,
The ſuitors ſtopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er,
When, moving ſlow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides; him in pomp purſued
And ſolemn ſadneſs through the gloom of hell,
The train of thoſe who by Ægyſtus fell.
O mighty chief! (Pelides thus began)
Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred kings! to whom reſign'd
The ſtrongeſt, braveſt, greateſt of mankind.
Com'ſt thou the firſt to view this dreary ſtate?
And was the nobleſt the firſt mark of Fate?
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear ſo ſoon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can ſhun;
Oh! better hadſt thou ſunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes might raiſe
Hiſtoric marbles to record thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe eternal on the faithful ſtone
Had with tranſmiſſive glories grac'd thy ſon.
But heavier fates were deſtin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O ſon of Peleus! greater than mankind!
{Thus Agamemnon's kingly ſhade reioin'd}

Thrice

Thrice happy thou! to preſs the martial plain
'Midſt heaps of heroes in thy quarrel ſlain:
In clouds of ſmoke rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you every way.
Nor ceas'd the ſtrife, till Jove himſelf oppos'd,
And all in tempeſts the dire evening clos'd.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed beſtow'd.
Then unguents ſweet and tepid ſtreams we ſhed;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipt the curling honours of his head.
Struck at the news thy azure Mother came;
The ſea-green Siſters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament through all the main
Was heard: and terror ſeiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ſhips the frighted hoſt had fled;
But Neſtor ſpoke, they liſten'd, and obey'd.
(From old experience Neſtor's counſel ſprings,
And long viciſſitudes of human things.)
"Forbear your flight; fair Thetis from the main,
"To mourn Achilles, leads her azure train."
Around thee ſtand the Daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heavenly veſts, and round thee weep,
Round thee, the Muſes, with alternate ſtrain,
In ever-conſecrating verſe, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving muſic hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till ſeventeen nights and ſeventeen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.

To

To flames we gave thee, the ſucceeding day,
And fatted ſheep and ſable oxen ſlay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And, like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriours round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courſer's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of duſt o'er all the circle riſe,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the ſkies.
Soon as abſorpt in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy ſnowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vaſe
(The vaſe to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the ſculptur'd gold.)
There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the ſame urn a ſeparate ſpace contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the ſons of warlike Greece ſurround
Thy deſtin'd tomb, and caſt a mighty mound;
High on the ſhore the growing hill we raiſe,
That wide th' extended Helleſpont ſurveys;
Where all, from age to age who paſs the coaſt,
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghoſt.
Thetis herſelf to all our peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods aſſented; and around thee lay
Rich ſpoils and gifts that blaz'd againſt the day.
Oft have I ſeen, with ſolemn funeral games
Heroes and kings committed to the flame;

But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis given,
And such thy honours, O adow'd of Heaven!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the brighter shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by fern Jove at home to end my life,
By curst Ægyssus, and a faithless wife!
Thus they; while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And timorous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, through the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd;
Son of Melanthius! (he began) oh say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward, melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?
Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wintery seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.

O king

O king of men! I faithful ſhall relate
(Reply'd Amphimedon) our hapleſs fate.
Ulyſſes abſent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves purſued his royal dame:
Her coy reſerve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common ſuit nor granted, nor deny'd;
But cloſe with inward hate our deaths deſign'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.
Her hand, laborious, in deluſion ſpread
A ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;
Ye peers (ſhe cry'd) who preſs to gain my heart
Where dead Ulyſſes claims no more a part,
Yet a ſhort ſpace your rival ſuit ſuſpend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Ceaſe, till to good Laertes I bequeath
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death:
Leſt, when the Fates his royal aſhes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
Should he, long honour'd with ſupreme command,
Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand.
The fiction pleas'd: our generous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but, ſtudious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And ſhow'd, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Forc'd, ſhe compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whoſe gold and ſilver ray
Diſplay'd the radiance of the night and day.

Juſt as ſhe finiſh'd her illuſtrious toil,
Ill-fortune led Ulyſſes to our iſle.
Far in a lonely nook, beſide the ſea,
At an old ſwineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his ſon from ſandy Pyle repairs,
And ſpeedy lands, and ſecretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and reſort
Confederate to the city and the court.
Firſt came the ſon; the father next ſucceeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a ſtaff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulyſſes in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-us'd by all! to every wrong reſign'd,
Patient he ſuffer'd with a conſtant mind.
But when, ariſing in his wrath t' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way;
The ſcatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treaſur'd in a private room:
Then to her ſuitors bade his queen propoſe
The archer's ſtrife: the ſource of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging ſtring, and try'd the ſtubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulyſſes' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he ſnatch'd, and in an inſtant bent;
Through every ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threſhold then in arms he ſtood;
Pour'd forth the darts that thirſted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!

Firſt bleeds Antinous: thick the ſhafts reſound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches ſtrow the ground;
This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God aſſiſted and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood beſmear the ſtones.

Thus, great Atrides, thus Ulyſſes drove
The ſhades thou ſeeſt, from yon fair realms above.
Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, ſpread the marble floor,
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to ſhed
O'er the pale corſe! the honours of the dead.

Oh bleſs'd Ulyſſes (thus the king expreſs'd
His ſudden rapture) in thy conſort bleſs'd!
Not more thy wiſdom, than her virtue ſhin'd;
Not more thy patience, than her conſtant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the paſt,
And model to the future age ſhall laſt:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, ſhall raiſe
(Their great reward) a poet in her praiſe.
Not ſuch, O Tyndarus, thy daughter's deed:
By whoſe dire hand her king and huſband bled:
Her ſhall the Muſe to infamy prolong,
Example dread; and theme of tragic ſong!
The general ſex ſhall ſuffer in her ſhame,
And ev'n the beſt that bears a woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal ſhade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While, from the town, Ulyſſes and his band
Paſs'd to Laërtes' cultivated land.

The

The ground himſelf had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged ſoil a plain.
There ſtood his manſion of the rural ſort,
With uſeful buildings round the lowly court:
Where the few ſervants that divide his care,
Took their laborious reſt, and homely fare;
And one Sicilian matron, old and ſage,
With conſtant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his ruſtic band
And martial ſon, Ulyſſes gave command:
Enter the houſe, and of the briſtly ſwine
Select the largeſt to the powers divine.
Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I ſhare the old man's memory:
If thoſe dim eyes can yet Ulyſſes know
(Their light and deareſt object long ago),
Now chang'd with time, with abſence, and with woe?
Then to his train he gives his ſpear and ſhield;
The houſe they enter; and he ſeeks the field,
Through rows of ſhade with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd ſcenes of richeſt verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his ſons were there,
Nor ſervants, abſent on another care;
To ſearch the woods for ſets of flowery thorn,
Their orchard bounds to ſtrengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarſe, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a penſive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatſkin hair:
His buſkins old, in former ſervice torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves againſt the thorn.

In this array the kingly gardener ſtood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighbouring tree the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his ſire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
With age, yet ſtill majeſtic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their watery ſtore;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he ſtood, if inſtant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiſs his reverend face,
With eager tranſport to diſcloſe the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his ſoul.—
Not ſo: his judgement takes the winding way
Of queſtion diſtant, and of ſoft eſſay:
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the ſorrows, to enhance the joys.
Then, to his ſire with beating heart he moves;
And with a tender pleaſantry reproves:
Who digging round the plant ſtill hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he ſaid:
Great is thy ſkill, O father, great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is ſtamp'd on all the ſoil,
Thy ſquadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty ſpot eſcapes thy care.
On every plant and tree thy cares are ſhown,
Nothing neglected, but thyſelf alone.
Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;
Age ſo advanc'd may ſome indulgence claim.
Not for thy ſloth, I deem thy lord unkind;
Nor ſpeaks thy form a mean or ſervile mind:

I read a monarch in that princely air,
The ſame thy aſpect, if the ſame thy care;
Soft ſleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
Theſe are the rights of age, and ſhould be thine.
Who then thy maſter, ſay? and whoſe the land
So dreſs'd and manag'd by thy ſkilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I queſtion moſt)
Is this the far-fam'd Ithacenſian coaſt?
For ſo reported the firſt man I view'd,
(Some ſtrly iſlander, of manners rude)
Nor further conference vouchſaf'd to ſtay;
Heedleſs he whiſtled, and purſued his way.
But thou! whom years have taught to underſtand,
Humanely hear, and anſwer my demand:
A friend I ſeek, a wiſe one and a brave,
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the beſt)
When at my houſe I lodg'd this foreign gueſt;
He ſaid, from Ithaca's fair iſle he came,
And old Laertes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a gueſt is ow'd
I paid, and hoſpitable gifts beſtow'd:
To him ſeven talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve veſts, twelve tunicks ſtiff with gold;
A bowl, that rich with poliſh'd ſilver flames,
And, ſkill'd in female works, four lovely dames.
At this the father, with a father's fears,
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears,)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are loſt,
For godleſs men, and rude, poſſeſs the coaſt:

Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd ſhore!
Thy ancient friend, O ſtranger, is no more!
Full recompenſe thy bounty elſe had borne;
For every good man yields a juſt return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendſhip, not purſuing, ſins.
But tell me, ſtranger, be the truth confeſs'd,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my ſon!
If ever man to miſery was born,
'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monſters of the main,
Or ſavage beaſts his mangled reliques tear,
Or ſcreaming vultures ſcatter through the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents ſhed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his ſad conſort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!
But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in purſuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy veſſel from the main?
Or com'ſt thou ſingle, or attend thy train?
Then thus the ſon: From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the king
Of Polypemon's royal line, I ſpring.
Some adverſe Dæmon from Sicania bore
Our wandering courſe, and drove us on your ſhore:

For

Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our weary'd veſſel from the ſea.
Five years have circled ſince theſe eyes purſued
Ulyſſes parting through the ſable flood;
Proſperous he ſail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the ſkies.
Well hop'd we, then, to meet on this fair ſhore,
Whom Heaven, alas! decreed to meet no more.
Quick through the father's heart theſe accents ran;
Grief ſeiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his ſoul he ſigh'd, and ſorrowing ſpread
A cloud of aſhes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of ſtrong delight
Stood the great ſon, heart-wounded with the ſight:
He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face,
I, I am he; O father riſe, behold
Thy ſon, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy ſon, ſo long defir'd, ſo long detain'd,
Reſtor'd, and breathing in his native land:
Theſe floods of ſorrow, O my ſire, reſtrain!
The vengeance is complete; the ſuitor-train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by theſe hands lie ſlain.
Amaz'd, Laertes: "Give ſome certain ſign,
"(If ſuch thou art) to manifeſt thee mine."
Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
The ſcar indented by the tuſky boar,
When by thyſelf and by Anticlea ſent
To old Autolychus's realms I went.
Yet by another ſign thy offſpring know;
The ſeveral trees you gave me long ago,

While, yet a child, theſe fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy foot-ſteps with unequal pace;
To every plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
Whate'er my childiſh fancy aſk'd, beſtow'd;
Twelve pear trees bowing with their pendent load,
And ten, that red with bluſhing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.

Smit with the ſigns, which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulyſſes thrown;
He faints, he ſinks, with mighty joys oppreſs'd:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'Tis ſo—the ſuitors for their wrongs have paid—
But what ſhall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news through every city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia riſe?

To this Ulyſſes: As the Gods ſhall pleaſe
Be all the reſt; and ſet thy ſoul at eaſe.
Haſte to the cottage by this orchard ſide,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:

Then

There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.
Thus having ſaid, they trac'd the garden o'er,
And ſtooping enter'd at a lowly door.
The ſwains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary king, his old Sicilian maid
Perfum'd and waſh'd, and gorgeouſly array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to ſhine
With awful port, and majeſty divine;
His gazing ſon admires the god-like grace,
And air celeſtial dawning o'er his face.
What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves!
Oh! would to all the deathleſs Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the ſky!
(Reply'd the king elated with his praiſe)
My ſtrength were ſtill, as once in better days:
When the bold Cephalens the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I ſtorm'd.
Such were I now, not abſent from your deed
When the laſt ſun beheld the ſuitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours; this hand beſtrown
Our floors with death, and puſh'd the ſlaughter on;
Nor had the ſire been ſeparate from the ſon.
They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their way
The ſwains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;
Dolius the firſt, the venerable man;
And next his ſons, a long ſucceeding train.

For

For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire;
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
"The rites have waited long." The chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
Conducted sure by Heaven! for Heaven alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!
Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return? Oh, say
To the chaste Queen, shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?
Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the king reply'd,
And straight resum'd his seat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying Fame the swift report had spread
Through all the city, of the suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.

Weeping

Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of ſlain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The reſt in ſhips are wafted o'er the main.
Then ſad in council all the ſeniors ſate,
Frequent and full, aſſembled to debate.
Amid the circle firſt Eupithes roſe,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes;
The bold Antinous was his age's pride,
The firſt who by Ulyſſes' arrow dy'd.
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with ſighs, he thus began:
Great deeds, O friends! this wondrous man has wrought,
And mighty bleſſings to his country brought.
With ſhips he parted and a numerous train,
Thoſe, and their ſhips, he bury'd in the main.
Now he returns, and firſt eſſays his hand
In the beſt blood of all his native land.
Haſte then, and ere to neighbouring Pyle he flies,
Or ſacred Elis, to procure ſupplies;
Ariſe (or ye for ever fall) ariſe!
Shame to this age, and all that ſhall ſucceed!
If unreveng'd your ſons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or ſink at once forgotten with the dead.
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb ſorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wondering throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
(Reſtleſs and early ſleep's ſoft bands they broke);
And Medon firſt th' aſſembled chiefs beſpoke:

Hear

Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulyſſes ſtrode,
Theſe eyes, theſe eyes beheld a preſent God,
Who now before him, now beſide him ſtood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blo
In vain old Mentor's form the God bely'd;
'Twas Heaven that ſtruck, and Heaven was on his ſid
A ſudden horror all th' aſſembly ſhook,
When, ſlowly riſing, Halitherſes ſpoke;
(Reverend and wiſe, whoſe comprehenſive view
At once the preſent and the future knew)
Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your ſons, your lawleſs ſons, the rein
(Oft' warn'd by Mentor and myſelf in vain);
An abſent hero's bed they ſought to foil,
An abſent hero's wealth they made their ſpoil:
Immoderate riot, and intemperate luſt!
Th' offence was great, the puniſhment was juſt.
Weigh then my counſels in an equal ſcale,
Nor ruſh to ruin—Juſtice will prevail.
His moderate words ſome better minds perſuade:
They part, and join him; but the number ſtay'd.
They ſtorm, they ſhout, with haſty frenzy fir'd,
And ſecond all Eupithes' rage inſpir'd.
They caſe their limbs in braſs; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the ſun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.

Fierce for his ſon, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.
This paſs'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
May I preſume to ſearch thy ſecret ſoul?
O Power ſupreme! O Ruler of the whole!
Say, haſt thou doom'd to this divided ſtate
Or peaceful amity, or ſtern debate?
Declare thy purpoſe; for thy will is Fate.
Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted ſkies)
Hath not long ſince thy knowing ſoul decreed,
The chief's return ſhould make the guilty bleed?
'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates ſucceed.
Yet hear the iſſue: ſince Ulyſſes' hand
Has ſlain the ſuitors, Heaven ſhall bleſs the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjuſt ſhall own;
Forgot the ſlaughter'd brother, and the ſon:
Each future day increaſe of wealth ſhall bring,
And o'er the paſt, Oblivion ſtretch her wing.
Long ſhall Ulyſſes in his empire reſt,
His people bleſſing, by his people bleſs'd.
Let all be peace—He ſaid, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the ſanction of the God:
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Deſcended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Now ſat Ulyſſes at the rural feaſt,
The rage of hunger and of thirſt repreſs'd:
To watch the foe, a truſty ſpy he ſent;
A ſon of Dolius on the meſſage went,

Stood

Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward ſtep he haſtens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulyſſes' cauſe embrace,
And ſix were all the ſons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his ruſted arms put on;
And, ſtill more old, in arms Laërtes ſhone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes ſtand,
And brazen Panoply inveſts the band.
The opening gates at once their war diſplay:
Fierce they ruſh forth: Ulyſſes leads the way.
That moment joins them with celeſtial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-deſcended Maid:
The ſuffering hero felt his patient breaſt
Swell with new joy, and thus his ſon addreſs'd:
Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant muſt contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you deſcend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was ſpread;
Regard thyſelf, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle caſt,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaſte.
So ſpoke Telemachus! the gallant boy
Good old Laertes heard with panting joy;
And, Bleſs'd! thrice bleſs'd this happy day! he cries,
The day that ſhows me, ere I cloſe my eyes,
A ſon and grandſon of th' Arceſian name
Strive for fair virtue, and conteſt for fame!

Then

Then thus Minerva in Laertes' ear:
Son of Arceſius, reverend warriour, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter firſt implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, diſcharge thy lance in air;
She ſaid, infuſing courage with the word:
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, diſmiſs'd the lance in air,
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful ſpear:
The braſs-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.
Before the father and the conquering ſon
Heaps ruſh on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the ſword, and now the javelin, fall
The rebel race, and death had ſwallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-ey'd Virgin cry'd;
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.
"Forbear, ye nations! your mad hands forbear
"From mutual ſlaughter: Peace deſcends to ſpare."
Fear ſhook the nations: at the voice divine,
They drop their javelins, and their rage reſign.
All ſcatter'd round their glittering weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and ſome confus'dly fly.
With dreadful ſhouts Ulyſſes pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle ſtrong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva ſhot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
Then ſtopp'd the Goddeſs, trembled, and retir'd.
Deſcended from the Gods! Ulyſſes, ceaſe;
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the peace.

So Pallas ſpoke: the mandate from above
The king obey'd. The Virgin-ſeed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
"And willing nations knew their lawful lord."

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

CON.

CONCLUSION OF THE NOTES.

I MUST obſerve with what dignity Homer concludes the Odyſſey: to honour his hero, he introduces two Deities, Jupiter and Pallas, who intereſt themſelves in his cauſe: he then paints Ulyſſes in the boldeſt colours, as he ruſhes upon the enemy with the utmoſt intrepidity, and his courage is ſo ungovernable, that Jupiter is forced to reſtrain it with his thunder. It is uſual for orators to reſerve the ſtrongeſt arguments for the concluſion, that they may leave them freſh upon the reader's memory; Homer uſes the ſame conduct: he repreſents his hero in all his terror, he ſhews him to be irreſiſtible, and by this method leaves us fully poſſeſſed with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already obſerved, that the end of the action of the Odyſſey is the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in full peace and tranquillity; this is not effected, till the defeat of the ſuitors' friends: and, therefore, if the poet had concluded before this event, the Odyſſey had been imperfect. It was neceſſary that the reader ſhould not only be informed of the return of Ulyſſes to his country, and the puniſhment of the ſuitors, but of his re-eſtabliſhment, by a peaceful poſſeſſion of his regal authority; which is not executed, till theſe laſt diſorders raiſed by Eupithes are ſettled by the victory of Ulyſſes; and, therefore, this is the natural concluſion of the action.

This Book opens with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the whole ſtory of the Odyſſey is comprehended in the compaſs of one and forty days. Monſieur Dacier upon Ariſtotle remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we ſhould be able to retain all the ſeveral parts of it at once in our memory: if we loſe the idea of the beginning when we come to the concluſion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its length deſtroys its beauty. What ſeems to favour this deciſion is, that the Æneid, Iliad, and Odyſſey, are conformable to this rule of Ariſtotle; and every one of thoſe poems may be read in the compaſs of a ſingle day.

I have now gone through the collections upon the Odyſſey, and laid together what occurred moſt remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not ſo vain as to think theſe remarks free from faults, nor ſo diſingenuous as not to confeſs them: all writers have occaſion for indulgence, and thoſe moſt who leaſt acknowledge it. I have ſometimes uſed Madam Dacier as ſhe as done others, in tranſcribing ſome of her remarks without particularizing them; but, indeed, it was through inadvertency only that her name is ſometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in theſe, or in my part of the Tranſlation, (namely, in the ſixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but juſt to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whoſe hand every ſheet was corrected. His other, and much more able aſſiſtant, was Mr. Fenton, in the fourth and the twentieth

tieth books. It was our particular requeſt, that our ſeveral parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: and if they have had the good fortune not to be diſtinguiſhed from his, we ought to be the leſs vain, ſince the reſemblance proceeds much leſs from our diligence and ſtudy to copy his manner, than from his own daily reviſal and correction. The moſt experienced painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critick can pronounce even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by thoſe of their ſchool; when the ſame maſter's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the ſeveral parts, and given to each their finiſhing.

I muſt not conclude without declaring our mutual ſatisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our beſt endeavours, which have contributed at leaſt to his more ſpeedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever my name be numbered with the learned, I muſt aſcribe it to his friendſhip, in tranſmitting it to poſterity by a participation in his labours. May the ſenſe I have of this, and other inſtances of that friendſhip, be known as long as his name will cauſe mine to laſt: and may I to this end be permitted, at the concluſion of a work, which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an inſcription memorial of it:

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing ſtone:
Mere mortals! ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor, till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together, in the world's laſt fires,
What Heaven created, and what Heaven inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead:
Shakeſpeare, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now every ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invad
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art:
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Jarr'd grating discord, all-extinct his fire!
This you beheld; and, taught by Heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the towers of Heaven, earth rocks her coast,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long* that hero by unskilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands:
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warriour lost?

* Odyssey, Lib. XVI.

O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Adventurous waken the Maeonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like their's, our friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.

This labour paſt, of heavenly ſubjects ſing,
While hovering angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth, ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME

POSTSCRIPT.

BY MR. POPE.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this Work without a few obſervations on the character and ſtyle of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceived, and err againſt the firſt principle of criticiſm, which is, to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples, and precepts of civil and domeſtic life. Homer is here a perſon,

" Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
" Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hoſpes:
" Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid
" non,
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The Odyſſey is the reverſe of the Iliad, in moral, ſubject, manner, and ſtyle; to which it has no ſort of relation, but as the ſtory happens to follow in order of time, and as ſome of the ſame perſons are actors in it.

Yet from this incidental connexion many have been miſled to regard it as a continuation or ſecond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconſiſtent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader ſhould fall into this miſtake, when ſo great a critick as Longinus ſeems not wholly free from it; although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

"The Odyſſey (ſays he) is an inſtance, how natu-
"ral it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow
"old and decline, to delight itſelf in narrations and
"fables. For that Homer compoſed the Odyſſey after
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"the taſte of old age: ſo that in this latter piece we
"may compare him to the ſetting ſun, which has ſtill
"the ſame greatneſs, but not the ſame ardour, or
"force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame ſtrain; we ſee
"no more that ſublime of the Iliad, which marches
"on with a conſtant pace, without ever being ſtopped,
"or retarded: there appears no more that hurry, and
"that ſtrong tide of motions and paſſions, pouring
"one after another; there is no more the ſame fury,

"or the ſame volubility of diction, ſo ſuitable to action, and all along drawing in ſuch innumerable images of nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is loweſt, and loſes himſelf moſt in narrations and incredible fictions: as inſtances of this, we cannot forget the deſcriptions of tempeſts, the adventures of Ulyſſes with the Cyclops, and many others. But, though all this be age, it is the age of Homer—And it may be ſaid for the credit of theſe fictions, that they are beautiful dreams, or, if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himſelf. I ſpoke of the Odyſſey only to ſhew, that the greateſt poets, when their genius wants ſtrength and warmth for the pathetic, for the moſt part employ themſelves in painting the manners. This Homer has done in characteriſing the ſuitors, and deſcribing their way of life: which is properly a branch of comedy, whoſe peculiar buſineſs it is to repreſent the manners of men."

We muſt firſt obſerve, it is the ſublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the fire and ſublimity of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the elevated ſpirit of the one, or the juſt moral of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury, of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpira-

tion

tion which is to run through a whole Epick poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad; but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the ſublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: d that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove decay of his imagination, is a very good one to e the ſtrength of his judgement. For had he (as Madam

Madam Dacier obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame Homer for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The Battle of Conſtantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: ſhall we cenſure the School of Athens as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that Raphael was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity, and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the poet or painter be young or old, who deſigns or performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two poems: he conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of Epick writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chooſes to extol, are thoſe very fictions, and pic-

tures

tures of the manners which the other ſeems leaſt to approve. Thoſe fables and manners are of the very eſſence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themſelves have both more invention and more inſtruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thoſe of the Iliad.

In ſome points (and thoſe the moſt eſſential to the Epick poem) the Odyſſey is confeſſed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the moral. The conduct, turn, and diſpoſition of the fable is alſo what the criticks allow to be the better model for Epick writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the caſt of this poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the Telemachus. In the manners, it is no way inferior: Longinus is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the narrations, although they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix, nor more circumſtantial, than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Neſtor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), thoſe of Glaucus in the ſixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey. And that the propriety of ſtyle, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious, and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the ſublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the ſame body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure Homer, becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is as if a gardener, who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo entirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this poem was "partly of the "nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reaſon, to have conſidered it with a view to the Iliad. How little

little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulyſſes was there already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypſo, though a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the ſuitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the ſame caſt; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we ſhall form an idea of the ſtyle. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always cloathed in the majeſty of verſe proper to tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription, even of a low action. There are numerous inſtances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and, perhaps, thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in hiſtory, where the repre-

repreſentations of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to little circumſtances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanicks: it is uſing a vaſt force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, That the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle, without being ridiculous; but things natural can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity.

O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head:
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
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the ſame volubility of diction, ſo ſuitable to ac-
n, and all along drawing in ſuch innumerable
ages of nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is
vays great, even when he ebbs and retires; even
en he is loweſt, and loſes himſelf moſt in narra-
ns and incredible fictions: as inſtances of this, we
not forget the deſcriptions of tempeſts, the ad-
ıtures of Ulyſſes with the Cyclops, and many
ers. But, though all this be age, it is the age
Homer—And it may be ſaid for the credit of theſe
ions, that they are beautiful dreams, or, if you
l, the dreams of Jupiter himſelf. I ſpoke of the
yſſey only to ſhew, that the greateſt poets, when
ir genius wants ſtrength and warmth for the pa-
tic, for the moſt part employ themſelves in paint-
; the manners. This Homer has done in charac-
iſing the ſuitors, and deſcribing their way of life:
ich is properly a branch of comedy, whoſe pecu-
buſineſs it is to repreſent the manners of men."
: muſt firſt obſerve, it is the ſublime of which
nus is writing: that, and not the nature of Ho-
poem, is his ſubject. After having highly ex-
the fire and ſublimity of the Iliad, he juſtly
es the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and
n more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on
ı life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine,
er the elevated ſpirit of the one, or the juſt moral
other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.
ondly, that fire and fury, of which he is ſpeaking,
t well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpira-

tion

tion which is to run through a whole Epick poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad; but he does not say it wants the sublime, or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the sublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to ace the strength of his judgement. For had he (as

Madam

Madam Dacier obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame Homer for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The Battle of Conſtantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: ſhall we cenſure the School of Athens as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that Raphael was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity, and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the poet or painter be young or old, who deſigns or performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two poems: he conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of Epick writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chooſes to extol, are thoſe very fictions, and pic-

tures

little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that, although the character of Ulyſſes was there already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory, but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypſo, though a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the ſuitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the ſame caſt; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we ſhall form an idea of the ſtyle. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always cloathed in the majeſty of verſe proper to tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription, even of a low action. There are numerous inſtances of this both in Homer and Virgil: and, perhaps, thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in hiſtory, where the repre-

repreſentations of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to little circumſtances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanicks: it is uſing a vaſt force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, That the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle, without being ridiculous; but things natural can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity,

dignity, as we ſee in the Georgicks: but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore they may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The uſe of pompous expreſſion for low actions or thoughts is the true ſublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for Epick Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock Epick. It is ſo far from being the ſublime of Tragedy, that it is the cauſe of all bombaſt; when poets, inſtead of being (as they imagine) conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: that continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mightineſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not ſpeaking, but vociferating.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtyle in Epick poetry than in tragic, to diſtinguiſh between that language of the Gods proper to the Muſe who ſings, and is inſpired: and that of men, who are introduced

ſpeaking

ſpeaking only according to nature. Further, there ought to be a difference of ſtyle obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, and thoſe of Deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues, or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer ſtill performs by ſpeeches: nor only [illegible], but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to Virgil. This renders [illegible] poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtyle. The writers of Tragedy lie under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that [illegible] and poetical diction, which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in orations deſigned to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of Demoſthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in thoſe of Dramas and Tyrrhus gives an eminent example, how far removed the [illegible] of them ought to be from ſuch an excess of figures and ornaments; which indeed fits only that language of the Gods we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a Muſe under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this [illegible], is [illegible] travelling all along the ridge of a [illegible], which [illegible] half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few poets have imitated Homer in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme dif-

ficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for an Epick poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs, as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The ſublime ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the natural; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony, (which are all the qualities of ſtyle) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs, notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt; nay, ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches, is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhows not leſs invention, in aſſembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs judgment, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the ſublime are divided, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple narrative its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to Homer himſelf I cannot pretend to determine; but to his tranſlator I can affirm (however unequal

unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been more difficult.

Whoever expects here the ſame pomp of verſe, and the ſame ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be, diſappointed. Were the original otherwiſe, it had been an offence againſt nature; and were the tranſlation ſo, it were an offence againſt Homer, which is the ſame thing.

It muſt be allowed that there is a majeſty and harmony in the Greek language, which greatly contribute to elevate and ſupport the narration. But I muſt alſo obſerve, that this is an advantage grown upon the language ſince Homer's time: for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of uſe; and if the words we could find in any preſent language were equally ſonorous or muſical in themſelves, they would ſtill appear leſs poetical and uncommon than thoſe of a dead one, from this only circumſtance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another diſadvantage to a tranſlator, from a different cauſe: Homer ſeems to have taken upon him the character of an hiſtorian, antiquary, divine, and profeſſor of arts and ſciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of theſe characters he deſcends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All theſe ought to be preſerved by a faithful tranſlator, who in ſome meaſure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the ſubject will bear. Many arts therefore are requiſite to ſupply theſe diſadvantages, in order to dignify and ſo-

lemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some uſe has been made to this end of the ſtyle of Milton. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working of old abbey ſtones into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality, requiſite to a new work; I mean, without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road muſt be as good, as the way is ancient; the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions. No man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of Milton, like moſt other imitators, are not copies but caricatura's of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places: whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of Milton, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt, and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the

the pictures of Paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions and in the imaging and pictureſque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. Milton has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epick poets) to imitate Homer's lowneſſes in the narrative, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the dramatick parts: ſince in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of Homer's ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains have been taken to be eaſy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of thoſe gentlemen who joined with me ſhewn as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict animadverſion and correction. What aſſiſtance I received from

them, was made known in general to the publick in the original propoſals for this work, and the particulars are ſpecified at the concluſion of it; to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and conſequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have beſtowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were conſiſtent with the indiſpenſable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched ſtate of health which God has been pleaſed to make my portion. At leaſt, it is a pleaſure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greateſt and moſt ancient of poets, with ſome dignity; and I hope, with as little diſadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited ſucceſs of that tranſlation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyſſey; I think it ſufficient to ſay, that Homer himſelf did the ſame, or the world would never have ſeen it.

I deſigned to have ended this poſtſcript here: but ſince I am now taking my leave of Homer, and of all controverſy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make uſe of this laſt opportunity to ſay a very few words about ſome reflections which the late Madam Dacier beſtowed on the firſt part of my preface to the Iliad, and which ſhe publiſhed at the end of her tranſlation of that poem *.

To write gravely an anſwer to them, would be too much

* Second edition, à Paris, 1719.

much for the reflections; and to ſay nothing concerning them, would be too little for the author. It is owing to the induſtry of that learned lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of Homer's beauties, which were hidden from them before in Greek and in Euſtathius. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great poet; and I hope that I ſhall be thought, as I mean, to pay ſome part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had theſe reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critick, I ſhould not have apprehended their effect, and ſhould therefore have been ſilent concerning them: but ſince they are Madam Dacier's, I imagine that they muſt be of weight; and in a caſe where I think her reaſoning very bad, I reſpect her authority.

I have fought under Madam Dacier's banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine Homer againſt all the hereticks of the age. And yet it is Madam Dacier who accuſes me, and who accuſes me of nothing leſs than betraying our common cauſe. She affirms that the moſt declared enemies of this author have never ſaid any thing againſt him more injurious or more unjuſt than I. What muſt the world think of me, after ſuch a judgment paſſed by ſo great a critick; the world, who decides ſo often, and who examines ſo ſeldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almoſt always the ſlave of authority? Who will ſuſpect that ſo much learning ſhould miſtake, that ſo much accuracy ſhould be miſled, or that ſo much candour ſhould be biaſſed?

All this however has happened; and Madam Dacier's criticiſms on my preface flow from the very ſame error, from which ſo many falſe criticiſms of her countrymen upon Homer have flowed, and which ſhe has ſo juſtly and ſo ſeverely reproved; I mean, the error of depending on injurious and unſkilful tranſlations.

An indifferent tranſlation may be of ſome uſe, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no tranſlation ought to be the ground of criticiſm, becauſe no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could Homer have had the honour of explaining his, before that auguſt tribunal where Monſieur de la Motte preſides, I make no doubt but he had eſcaped many of thoſe ſevere animadverſions with which ſome French authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam Dacier's tranſlation of the Iliad could not preſerve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our iſland-tongue was as neceſſary to Madam Dacier in my caſe, as the knowledge of Greek was to Monſieur de la Motte in that of our great author; or to any of thoſe whom ſhe ſtyles blind cenſurers, and blames for condemning what they did not underſtand.

I may ſay with modeſty, that ſhe knew leſs of my true ſenſe from that faulty tranſlation of part of my preface, than thoſe blind cenſurers might have known of Homer's even from the tranſlation of La Valterie, which preceded her own.

It pleaſed me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any eſſentials of my preface, but only at a few particular expreſſions. She propoſed little more than (to uſe her own phraſe) to combat two or three ſimiles; and I hope that to combat a ſimile is no more than to fight with a ſhadow, ſince a ſimile is no better than the ſhadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more ſcrupuloſity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

Theſe unlucky ſimiles taken by themſelves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant tranſlator; or there may have fallen from my pen ſome expreſſions, which, taken by themſelves likewiſe, may to the ſame perſon have the ſame effect. But if the tranſlator had been maſter of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the paſſages objected to, would have ſufficiently determined him as to the preciſe meaning of them: and if Madam Dacier had taken up her pen a little more leiſurely, or had employed it with more temper, ſhe would not have anſwered paraphraſes of her own, which even the tranſlation will not juſtify, and which ſay, more than once, the very contrary to what I have ſaid in the paſſages themſelves.

If any perſon has curioſity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my preface, or ſome mangled parts of which theſe reflections are made, he will eaſily diſcern that I am as orthodox as Madam Dacier herſelf in thoſe very articles on which ſhe treats me like an heretick:

he will eaſily ſee that all the difference between us conſiſts in this, that I offer opinions, and ſhe delivers doctrines; that my imagination repreſents Homer as the greateſt of human poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending Homer againſt me, who, (if I miſtake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried, without giving a real occaſion of writing in his defence.

After anſwering my harmleſs ſimiles, ſhe proceeds to a matter which does not regard ſo much the honour of Homer, as that of the times he lived in; and here I muſt confeſs ſhe does not wholly miſtake my meaning, but I think ſhe miſtakes the ſtate of the queſtion. She had ſaid, the manners of thoſe times were ſo much the better, the leſs they were like ours. I thought this required a little qualification. I confeſſed that in my opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam Dacier judges otherwiſe in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well; but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and called adopting or (if you will) ſtealing her ſentiment. The truth is, ſhe might have ſaid her words, for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her: though

I might

I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in Euſtathius, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole remark; only that in the firſt part of it, Madam Dacier is diſpleaſed that I do not agree with her, and in the laſt that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man ſhould over-look in a lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in French what I never wrote in Engliſh: "Homer (I ſaid) opened a new and boundleſs walk "for his imagination, and created a world for him-"ſelf in the invention of fable;" which he tranſlates, Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.

Madam Dacier juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the tranſlator. As to what I meant by Homer's invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words. "If Homer was not the firſt who "introduced the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into "the religion of Greece, he ſeems the firſt who brought "them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in Ariſtotle, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend

me back to this philoſopher's treatiſe of Poetry, and to her preface on the Odyſſey, for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſaucy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from Ariſtotle without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an error by following him ſervilely; yet I own, that to quote any author for what he never ſaid, is a blunder; (but, by the way, to correct an author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder.) My words were theſe: "As there is a greater variety of "characters in the Iliad than in any other poem, ſo "there is of ſpeeches. Every thing in it has manners, "as Ariſtotle expreſſes it; that is, every thing is acted "or ſpoken: very little paſſes in narration." She juſtly ſays, that "Every thing which is acted or ſpoken, "has not neceſſarily manners merely becauſe it is "acted or ſpoken." Agreed: but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? If not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners, ſince Homer has been proved before, in a long paragraph of the preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not *quite* exact; it ſhould have been, "Every thing has "manners as Ariſtotle calls them." But ſuch a fault *methinks* might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to

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look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes Euſtathius call Cratiſthenes the Phliaſian, Calliſthenes the Phyſician *. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded to Homer's, hers, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by their happy ignorance! How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Mr. de la Motte for omitting a material paſſage in the † ſpeech of Helen to Hector, Iliad vi. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much Greek, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in Homer?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of Homer as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been ſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to Holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of

* Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l'Odyſſ. p. 476.
† *De la Corruption du Gout.*

of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; it is the ſame in admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved that the loudeſt huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the ſame with the rabble of critics, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a poet, I would not be an enthuſiaſt; and though I am an Engliſhman, I would not be furiouſly of a party. I am far from thinking myſelf that genius, upon whom, at the end of theſe remarks, Madam Dacier congratulates my country: one capable of, "correcting Homer, and "conſequently of reforming mankind, and amending "this conſtitution." It was not to Great Britain this ought to have been applied, ſince our nation has one happineſs for which ſhe might have preferred it to her own, that, as much as we abound in other miſerable miſguided ſects, we have at leaſt none of the blaſphemers of Homer. We ſteadfaſtly and unanimouſly believe, both his poem, and our conſtitution, to be the beſt that ever human wit invented; that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we diſpiſe any French or Engliſhman whatever, who ſhall preſume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the leaſt alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam Dacier miſtook me, my whole deſire is but to preſerve the humble character of a faithful tranſlator, and a quiet ſubject.

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